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ELLEN GLASGOW *By Henry Seidel Canby*

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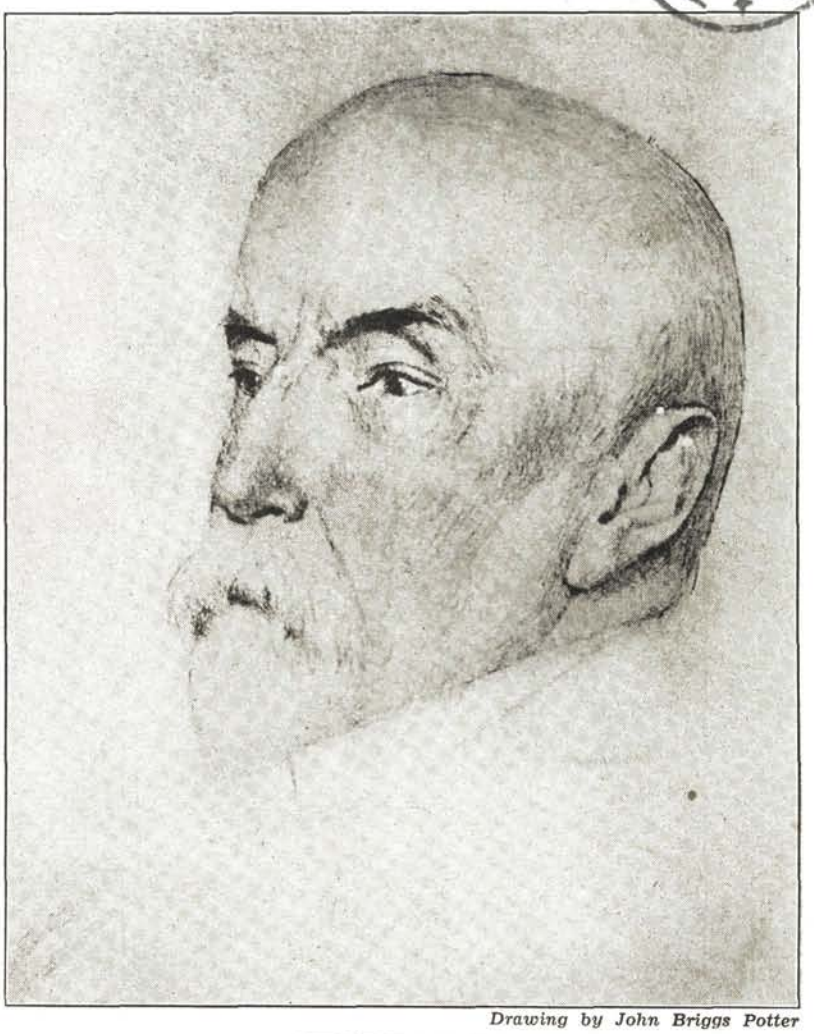

Drawing by John Briggs Potter

HENRY ADAMS

"Mr. Ford has given us not merely the Jeremiah of the Breakfast Table or the Uncle Henry of Washington legend, nor St. Gaudens's 'angelic porcupine,' but the mind that wrote two great books." . . .

(See page 5)

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Ellen Glasgow: Ironic Tragedian

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS dignified edition* of the writings of Ellen Glasgow is a double gift to her admirers. It contains not only all her important novels to date, but also a remarkable series of prefaces, in which the author sets down for each of her novels what she has tried to do, how far in her own opinion she has failed, or succeeded, and why. Taken together they are an invaluable critique upon the art of fiction, by a major novelist who has always written upon themes of importance and with full consciousness of her responsibilities as a practising artist. Here is no surprised self-appreciation, but a confident, yet modest, analysis of achievement by a writer who is expert, professional, sincere, and with a critical judgment that permits detachment even in the intimacy of her own completed work. Creative writers are not always, or often, good critics. But when they possess the nicely balanced mind that permits self-study and self-knowledge, and particularly when they write of their own work, their criticism is likely to be a contribution to literary history.

Foster

Ellen Glasgow: "Like Jane Austen, she was most successful with those whose folly she exposed while loving them." . . .

In reviewing this Virginia edition, however, I do not intend to review these prefaces, except by occasional reference. To repeat Miss Glasgow's lucid analyses of her books would be an impertinence, since no one else will write so well of them; to differ from her estimates is usually to differ from her in taste rather than in opinion, so shrewd and just and unsparing of her faults has she been in these essays, which I hope will some day be published as a book.

But this set of her novels does offer an opportunity to re-estimate from a reader's viewpoint the work of Ellen Glasgow. Her reputation has had a curious history. A realist and an uncompromising artist, at first she shocked her native Virginia while quickly winning praise from critics of fiction. Later, when her art had matured, she won wide popular successes, while the professional critics, perhaps because of these successes, busied themselves with newer writers, often of not one-tenth her ability, whose rawer imaginations followed paths which she sometimes had opened, on into regions of human nature that were more sensational news than stories of gentlefolk who remained aristocrats even when they decayed. She has never had a Pulitzer prize—a fact for wonder when one looks through the now long list of awards in fiction for books with the enduring quality of "Barren Ground" or "The Sheltered Life."

One reason why Miss Glasgow has had inadequate critical estimation is that she belongs to the great classical tradition of the novel. The great subject for the novel since its beginning in the eighteenth century has been manners, and when the novels have been also great these manners have been no superficies of behavior, but a code, a habitual philosophy of living according to which men and women proceed;—a philosophy, like all philosophies, sooner or later beaten upon, undercut, crumbled away by the insidious waves of new manners, new ideas, new codes in the making. It is a process with indefinite extensions toward the future as well as the past, yet it is subject to different accelerations. Our times, for example, have certainly been years of unusual rapidity of change. But the fact of changing codes has often been lost sight of in the more sensational results of change, and this again has certainly happened in recent years. The novel, reaching out through biology, psychology, economics, politics, most of all I think, ethics, has run like fire into regions little studied by the artist before—has become impressionistic, newsy, sociological. It has been read for scenes, dialogue, new types of character, information about depravity, about sexual intercourse, about crime, about psychological neuroses. Art has suffered, but the area of fiction has been happily enlarged.

Yet all this has no bearing whatsoever upon the value of what I have called the classic novel, organized about an idea, told usually to show what happens to the manners of a culture when that culture begins to rock and settle toward the past. Nor has it made any difference in the success of the classic novel with the general reader. In this country, not only Miss Glasgow, but also Mrs. Wharton, and Miss Cather—our three most eminent practitioners of the classic art of novel writing—have proved that the novelist does not have to be a journalist, or sociologist, or a psychologist, but only a master of narrative, in order to win success with stories where manners make or mar the man.

Miss Glasgow began, of course, with stories of the code of the old South at bay before the Industrial Revolution. She

* *THE VIRGINIA EDITION OF THE WORKS OF ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1938.

Next Week

HORATIO ALGER, JR.
By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

BUILDING THE BRITISH EMPIRE
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Reviewed by Joseph R. Strayer

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was a pioneer there, as any reader of mature age knows who remembers the sentimental heroics being published coincidentally with her first novels. She wrote also of the new South that had made this code an anachronism, but careful as are her studies of the rising poor white, she did her own class best, except in "Barren Ground," that masterpiece of run-out fields and broom grass. Her clear mind understood the coarser material, as this book especially proved, but her heart was with the aristocrats. Like Jane Austen, she was most successful with those whose folly she exposed while loving them. And not only because they were her own people. The novel is not at its best with heroes and heroines in the accepted sense, who have the energy of success and make the plot, but with those others who are worked on by circumstance, who at the beginning of the story are already moulded, who oppose to life a principle or a prejudice or a set of loyalties, it makes no difference which, that life, like the incoming wave, has to attack, finding a contour and a fabric resisting the wave and destroyed by it. General Archbald, in "The Sheltered Life," that old aristocrat wise from unhappiness, is a far more memorable figure than the farm boy turned speculator in the early novel called "Romance of a Plain Man," who dominates the story, yet nearly wrecks himself on his own crude energies that cannot in a generation learn wisdom.

I would call attention to these early stories—such novels as "The Man of the People" and "The Romance of a Plain Man"—because they seem to me to prove that Miss Glasgow is one of those novelists who begin with high and sound ideas which at first cannot be realized. No writer escapes from his own time, however radical he may seem to his contemporaries and to himself. It does not need Miss Glasgow's prefaces to these books to show that she knew in the first nineteen hundreds how divergent was her realism from current taste, and particularly that of the South. While there are in all her novels timeless characters, like General Archbald, who have prototypes in every period, even in her early books the current issue of a decaying chivalry and an unworkable code is drawn with the utmost clarity. One can love her Richmond, but never romanticize it, nor respect its virtues except as one respects memorials of a past. And yet in spite of their clairvoyant insight, these books when read today date themselves inescapably. The dialogue is often that exchange of clever sayings, with little depth and a high finish, which was so characteristic of the nineties. It is even possible to take out pages that sound like "The Dolly Dialogues," which every college writer then was imitating. The beautiful women, too, for all her frank honesty in describing the code by which they have lived, have an aura that suggests Thomas Nelson Page's heroines or the Gibson girls. She knew *what* they were, but she saw them as the age saw them, as no modern by any possibility could.

She suffered, of course, from a conflict between her brain and her eyes, or, more accurately, between her understanding and her sympathy, which was tinted, as sympathy always is, by the emotional colors of the time. Not even Samuel Butler, that great original, could escape this, and his posthumous novel, "The Way of All Flesh," which used to be thought of as pre-Shavian, is now being pushed further back toward the Victorianism in the mode of which, in spite of its iconoclasm, it was written.

Fortunately, Miss Glasgow's later and better novels are not posthumous, but the fine fruits of a living woman, whose eye has kept its sharpness, whose hand has acquired extraordinary skill, and whose unchanging concept of manners develops freely in a time which has adjusted itself to realism.

If, leaving the theme of her books, which, after all, with an artist like Miss Glasgow, is almost incidental, I try to single out the essential quality of her work, I must call it a sense for tender and ironic tragedy. All three of these words are important. There is a tenderness in her comments on such characters as Mrs. Birdsong or Jenny Blair, or in the musings of General Archbald, or Mr. Littlepage in "They Stooped to Folly," which is sharply different, more feminine and also different without reference to sex, from the more Olympian attitudes of a Thomas Hardy, or the sentiment of a Booth Tarkington, or the honest matter-of-factness of a Dreiser, or the hates and loves of a Sinclair Lewis. But this tenderness is always ironic. Ellen Glasgow has no illusions about life, though, being wiser than many of her younger contemporaries, she values illusions. The child Jenny Blair inspires a marvelous tenderness in all who love young life, and the firm grasp on self which makes personality, but her egoism is, ironically, both her charm and her final disgrace. Beauty in women is often absolute in Miss Glasgow's novels, yet it never attracts absolute virtues, except when life has already wrung out their virility. The very structure of society in her Queenborough is ironic in the extreme. Industry and the new code of material success are cheerfully destroying there a rotted culture, tearing down its gracious Georgian buildings, encouraging among the members of its society their weaknesses—drink and gambling and women—while making their virtues futile. Yet the result, already visible, is an ugly environment, and a restless discontent among the newcomers who do not know what to do with success. But Miss Glasgow's irony is always tender—God himself is made tenderly

(*Continued on page* 14)

News from Vermont

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

OUR Governor, George Aiken,
Who cannot be mistaken,
Declares Vermont is feeling simply great
And neither glum nor chirpless
Because we have a surplus
In this our most extraordinary State.

Our kitten, known as Myrtle,
That wears a coal black kirtle
And at its throat the snowiest of flecks,
Was named, with taste unbeaten,
By Walter Prichard Eaton
While Mrs. Eaton diagnosed its sex.

Right after that was written
We got a second kitten,
Much younger and of Persian pedigree,
Whose gender none can tell us;
But Myrtle's awful jealous
And hisses like a critic on a spree.

We've heard from Maxwell Aley
And Tom Augustine Daly,
And just have had a glimpse of Robert Frost!
The Canfields, Hards and Fishers
With all of his well-wishers
Are glad he isn't stolen, strayed or lost.

That ancient cattle stable
Where dwelt the cow named Mabel
Has been revised to house your motor car.
Though I've abjured the flagon
(In short, am on the wagon),
I keep my noted skill in tending bar.

We fill for your vagaries
The cup that, as it varies,
Inebriates perchance, or merely cheers;
But Mr. Sinclair Lewis
May claim a bowl of brewis
Although we haven't met for thirty years.

We love our quiet labors,
Our visitors, our neighbors,
Our mountains with the sunset in between;
And Alexander Woollcott
Shall have the little hall cot
Whenever he comes down from Bomoseen.

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Living in a Dead World

THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS. 1892-1918. Vol. II. Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $4.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

THERE were two Henry Adamses. And when the second, having grown old, wrote the biography of the first, he saw that there were many things about him that were unattractive, and he glossed them over. "Henry," wrote his brother, Brooks Adams, who understood him thoroughly, "was never, I fear, quite frank with himself or with others." If he had had the courage to be a little more frank—though that is too much to expect of any man—he would have done himself more justice, for it was only from the ruins of the first Henry Adams that the second could have arisen.

It has been left to Worthington C. Ford, who knew the later Adams, and who deals in both justice and candor, to round out the picture by showing the contemporary truth and not the subsequent fiction. The first Adams was born, developed, and died in the first volume of his letters which Mr. Ford edited; the new Adams appears in this second and last volume.

What was the first Henry Adams? He was a tiny, nervous, and arrogant young man, devoured by ambition and self-importance. He felt the compulsion to duplicate the success of his ancestors, but he had accepted Kelvin's picture of the universe as a machine running down, and such a world seemed hardly worth the winning. Balked in his natural impulse toward a career by a sense of the world's futility, he turned toward the world's most futile pursuit—"what he really cared for was social consideration," Brooks Adams said. Thus his first assurance on announcing his engagement to a friend was, "Socially the match is supposed to be unexceptionable." Thus, too, the summit of his life was to be the ponderous house by Richardson in Washington which was to symbolize his social eminence.

He saddled his adored and loving wife with the unbearable weight of all this conflict. Fragile, brilliant, charming, she had a childlike dependence on her father; and when her father died in 1885, she could no longer stand up under the weight of Adams's dissatisfaction and insecurity which more than matched her own; and she killed herself.

Alone, Henry Adams took up his own burden, to which a real agony had now been added; he could not bear Washington or the house any more, and wandered desperately about the world in an effort to escape. At last he found himself, sick, utterly despairing and ready for death, in London, in 1892. And there and then, at fifty-four, the first Henry Adams did die; and from here on, we see the second, in a phrase from the first letter in this new volume, "coming to life in a dead world."

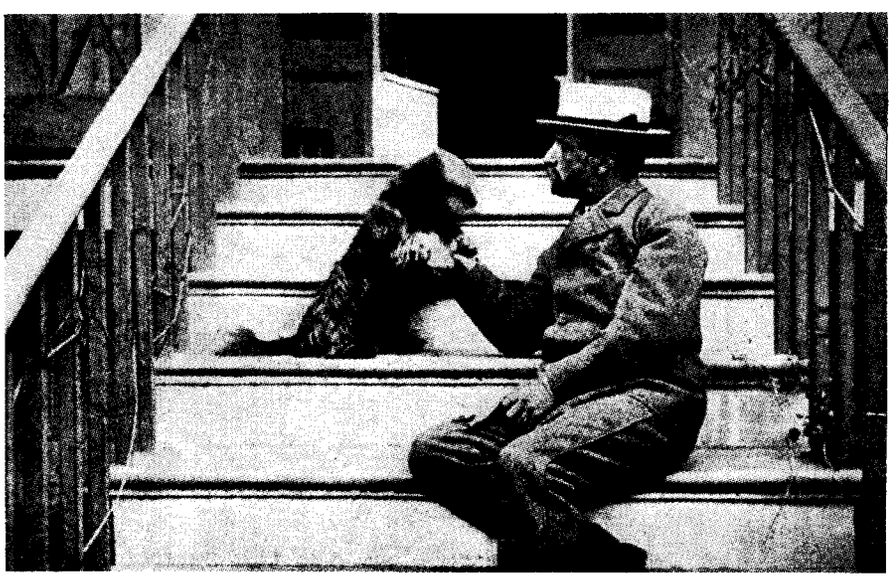
Gradually in these letters we watch him begin to mend; yet out of his anguish he brought some understanding of the sufferings of others to make him warmer and kinder. He came back to the Washington house, where henceforth he lived almost every winter; he surrounded himself with nieces by marriage and by adoption; he was content to dazzle a far smaller number of people; and if the standards which governed his choice of intimates were unrelaxed, at least he stopped writing about them and therefore presumably they ceased to dominate his mind. He even grew to recognize some of his disabilities; to speak of his "morbid self-distrust"; to consent to give away copies of his privately printed books because "consenting seems less Adamsy": and to welcome with the coming of age the passing of some of the self-consciousness which had cut him off from other people.

But the second Adams was not merely "less Adamsy." This volume shows the development of two new preoccupations which gave direction to his mind and are the reason why the books of his second period are the only ones to be read today. His interest in the first of these preoccupations dates from 1893. After Brooks Adams had summoned him home to discuss the family's financial situation resulting from the panic of that year, the brothers spent several weeks together in Quincy. Brooks had just blocked out his "Law of Civilization and Decay," which attempted to demonstrate that all civilizations have followed a similar cycle, from which the future course of our own civilization can be predicted. All his life, Henry Adams had been depressed by what he felt to be degeneracy in contemporary art, literature, and society: however, he had not considered that such degeneracy might not be an isolated circumstance, but a natural stage of development. His imagination was fired with the idea, so sympathetic alike to the scientist and to the historian in him, of working out a science of history. For the rest of his life, he fitted into Brooks's large scheme everything he saw in modern life and everything he read in history.

Studying each civilization in turn, he came upon the second great interest of his later years; the century between 1150 and 1250. He visited Coutances in 1895 and was moved "with a sense of personal identity with myself." It seemed to him "New England at its highest ideal power" before it degenerated into Boston. And in Chartres, he found the record of a society in which woman had been strong and useful, and honored, not rootless, purposeless, and desperate as his wife had been. He found a harmonious civilization united by the force of the Virgin; and in its tragedy, the "catastrophe of Gothic art, religion and hope" he realized again how much his generation had lost, being born without faith but not without the need for it. From this study of the strength and unity which the Virgin gave her worshippers, came, of course, "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," "a study of thirteenth century unity." Then he examined "twentieth century multiplicity," and recorded his research in "The Education of Henry Adams," in which he saw the dynamo as our motivating force and chaos as our destination.

It is only through reading these new letters that these two famous books can thoroughly be understood. Most readers think of the first as a guidebook and the second as an autobiography and of the author as a vague prophet of doom; in the light of Henry Adams's letters the relation between the two is suddenly clear, as no prefatory note ever made them clear.

Absorbed in this fascinating game of



Henry Adams and Marquis, on the garden steps of 1607 H. St., Washington. (Photograph by Mrs. Adams, reproduced from "The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams"—Little, Brown.)

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watching a civilization destroy itself to his formula, and in his old game of predicting the parallel breakdown of the physical world, Henry Adams was no longer unhappy. During his Washington winters, he enjoyed the spectacle of the naivetés and errors of those in power, not the less for their being his friends. During the summers, he roamed about France, looking at architecture, tapestry, and glass; he translated twelfth century poems and unearthed twelfth century songs from their secular dust, to be sung to him by attendant nieces.

He even came, in old age, to be able to look back with philosophy on his wife's death. In the earlier years which these letters cover, the wound was still bleeding; he wrote from Egypt, which he had last visited on his honeymoon:

> Before I could catch myself, I was unconsciously wringing my hands, and the tears rolled down the old way.

Later, he was able in some measure to write his grief out: Spring Rice said that "Mont St. Michel" itself was "like the monument in Rock Creek, in memoriam . . . the real voice of passion so that the very stones cry out."

In the last summer of his life, he returned to the house in the Beverly pines which had been hers as the Richardson house was his, and which he had left in 1885, "thinking that nothing on earth would ever bring me back." So the second Henry Adams died, having achieved enough peace and philosophy to be able to forgive the first Henry Adams for the obtuseness of thirty years ago.

Mr. Ford has given us not merely the Jeremiah of the Breakfast Table or the Uncle Henry of Washington legend, nor St. Gaudens's "angelic porcupine," but the mind that wrote two great books—profound, original, curious, and vigorous to its last moment.

Katharine Simonds, daughter of the late Frank H. Simonds, has made a special study of the Adams family.

Arnold's Desperate March

MARCH TO QUEBEC. Journals of the Members of Arnold's Expedition. Compiled and Annotated by Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $4.

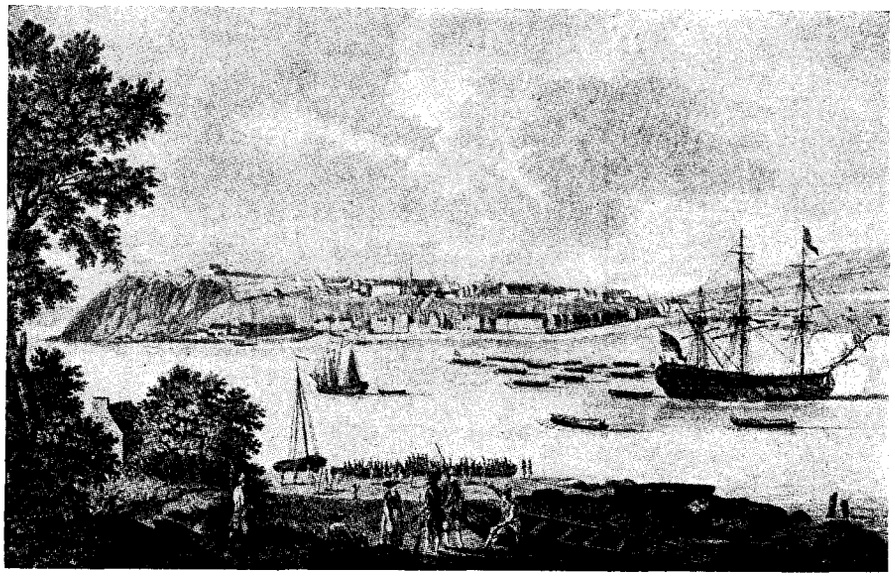
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WHAT did Benedict Arnold accomplish by that desperate march through the Maine woods upon Quebec which ended in defeat under the walls of the fortress on December 31, 1775? More than history has usually credited him with doing. He so alarmed the British high command for the safety of Canada that Burgoyne's army was sent to the St. Lawrence instead of direct to Howe in New York; and the result of its taking that roundabout route to the scene of active operations is known to the whole world. Arnold also gave the United States one of its most impressive stories of the heroic endurance of privation and danger. Few of our armed forces have gone through more suffering than the band of 1100 men that he led from Cambridge to Quebec, and then—depleted by death in battle, disease, exhaustion, and desertion—brought back from Montreal. Kenneth Roberts has told that story with characteristic vividness in "Arundel."

This is a source-book for "Arundel"; the best part of its raw materials, the journals kept by a dozen members of the expedition. It is more than that—it fills a fairly conspicuous gap in the literature of the Revolution, for no similar compilation has ever been made, and it will be prized by many who never read "Arundel." Two good studies of the journals, or rather full histories of the expedition, have been published; one by John Codman in 1901, one by Justin H. Smith in 1903. Dr. Smith reprinted Arnold's own journal, perhaps the most valuable historically though not the most interesting. But till now nobody has collected the narratives, and they are well worth collecting. It was a singularly literate expedition. Fifteen or sixteen men kept journals, though the number of completed narratives is not so great; and Arnold supplemented his own record by a valuable set of letters, which Mr. Roberts has exhumed from the Maine Historical Society Collections.

Three of the narratives, Henry's, Morison's, and Senter's, really have a considerable degree of literary interest. They are good stories, vigorously though a little too rhetorically told. Senter was a doctor, and naturally makes much of the dysentery and other ailments of the march. It was he who extracted the British ball from Arnold's leg. Morison was a hot-headed Scotch-Irishman from Pennsylvania, so impatient of discipline that once in his later career he broke a colonel's arm with a spade and was sentenced to endure a thousand lashes. He draws the long bow in his descriptions of suffering and danger, is tearfully sentimental about losses, and sometimes becomes confused. But because he likes well-heightened effects, he furnishes some graphic details. It is Henry, however—another Scotch-Irishman from the Pennsylvania frontiers—who carries off the prize. He was a boy of sixteen when he began the march, and every incident made a vivid impression upon him. When he put his narrative in final shape at the age of fifty, he remembered much, he drew upon the MS records of two comrades, and he filled in the gaps by invention. The result is 125 pages that Defoe could hardly have bettered. He gives us our best description of Arnold and Daniel Morgan; tells how men inoculated themselves with smallpox to escape battle; writes the fullest account of the attack; and at the end describes the great fire which burned New York in 1776, and which he was unfortunate enough to witness as a prisoner. There is less repetition in these and other journals than might be anticipated, for the men of different detachments had different experiences. Mr. Roberts's notes are shrewd, unconventional, and hardboiled; he admires the plain soldiers of that terrible march, but he is never fooled by them.

Everyone hopes that Mr. Roberts will go on writing historical novels. Historians may hope that he will continue to induce publishers to issue now and then volumes of original material as good as his record of the court-martial of Robert Rogers, or his collection of records of the Quebec march.



Quebec in the eighteenth century—from an old print.

Allan Nevins's new book, "The Gateway to History," is reviewed on page **11.**

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Why Not Try Plot?

GROWTH OF A MAN. By Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MISS DE LA ROCHE'S new novel is an example of the heavy price which fiction paid when, under the influence of naturalism, it threw plot out of the window. The argument for omitting plot, considered as a formal and predetermined arrangement of events, was that in actual life events do not fall into neat patterns. But when plot in this sense disappeared, the novelist was forced back upon the curve-of-a-life pattern, whether this curve took the form of fictional biography or whether it became that internal monologue known as stream of consciousness. In the hands of masterful writers and with great good luck, the curve-of-a-life pattern has proved capable of enduring results, but because it compels the writer to stake everything on a single throw of the dice, the failure of the formula, when it breaks down, is complete.

Mazo de la Roche

"Growth of a Man"—unconnected with the Jalna novels—follows the curve-of-a-life pattern, and unfortunately it does not come off. Dogged industry gets us through the biography of Shaw Manifold, from the time his mother leaves him as a small boy to the dubious mercies of his grandparents and their children on a Canadian farm, to the day when we see him sailing from San Francisco on a world tour in the interests of forestry. The novel has a sort of honesty, but the honesty does not compensate for the monotonous pound of the story, written without humor, without color, and without charm.

The book is devoted to proof of the aged maxim: Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd. This theme can be made interesting only by a fresh approach, a novel personality, or a new turn in the drama. Miss de la Roche gives us none of these things. We are to suppose the hero is blessed with talent, but the novelist does not convince us that he is talented. Yet the hero is the story. Because he is not vital himself, he cannot shed vitality upon the secondary characters who wander across his path. With the exception of Grandfather Gower, and not excepting his mother, they remain shadows. Were the hero engaged in a real instead of a formal conflict, these people might fall into place. The struggle against poverty and illness, however, is not in itself capable of significant variations unless situation, personage, and personal tension are brought into dramatic conflict with the real desires of the hero, and it is precisely because there is no real dramatic relation between the hero and the other characters that the book fails.

Contrast "David Copperfield." When we have made every allowance for sentimentality, for Victorian melodrama, there still remains a dramatic instead of a static relation between David and the other characters. The question whether he will or will not be released from the custody of the Murdstones is a dramatic question. The problem of his relation to Emily and Steerforth is, if one likes, a theatrical problem, but it is also a dynamic and not a static relationship. The result is a fictional masterpiece, not by reason of the shoddy plot in which Mr. Micawber uncovers the villainies of Uriah Heep, but because of the excellent plot by which David during his rise in life is continually thrust into fresh dramatic situations, situations, that is, involving real and soluble conflicts.

Miss de la Roche's hero struggles, but he does not struggle dramatically. He dislikes the tyranny of his grandparents, but his rebellion is only inward. He resolves to succeed in school, but the rivalry is narrated, not dramatized. A girl visits him nightly in his room in a college boarding house, but her visits are no more exciting than the postman's. He survives two sanitaria for tuberculosis patients, suffers a good deal in mind and spirit, and witnesses a good deal of suffering, but except for the loss of time and the thwarting of his vague ambition, no dramatic consequences hang upon the outcome. The moral result of his experiences is set down on page 378, but the ending is didactic, not dramatic.

Granted that the Victorian novel too often borrowed the false trappings of the theater, granted also that great books have been written on the curve-of-a-life pattern, may not one legitimately ask our novelists to ponder once more the problem of formal plot? The modern novel has so lost form, has experimented so wildly, that no human being can say what a novel is. But the primary business of fiction is what it has always been: to tell a good story; and when dramatic conflict is deliberately omitted from fiction, the story suffers and dies. A very great writer may indeed compel us to follow him admiringly in whatever he does, as examples from Sterne to Joyce can be cited to prove. But few of us are very great writers. If it is a high and difficult achievement to write good fiction on the curve-of-a-life pattern, it is no defence for spineless fiction that truth to life compels the dropping of dramatic pattern. The revolution in the novel won by realism was in its way a necessary reform, but the victory is won, and it is time to consider what was lost as well as what was gained in that conflict.

The Making of a King

CRIPPLED SPLENDOUR. By Evan John. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE first royal Stewart to be called James was the greatest of his line. For three centuries his direct descendants were stars in the pageant of European history; several had remarkable gifts, nearly all possessed something of his magnetism, a few inherited or acquired the noble manliness which was the hallmark of their ancestor. But no one of them held in the same delicate balance so many talents, so rich and generous a nature, so much essential kingliness. "Companion-in-arms to Henry the Fifth, prisoner, poet, musician, soldier, law-giver, lover, and king," Mr. John calls him in the dedication of this novel, and adds, "of whose strange life and terrible death the tale is here retold."

It is a tale well worth many retellings, none of which is likely to surpass this one in warmth of manner, breadth of understanding, historical accuracy (in spirit if not in detail), or plain narrative skill. It is a genuinely moving book, quiet and dignified in its gradual development of the king's character and of the Scottish, British, and French backgrounds before which the drama of his life was enacted, growing in excitement until it reaches the unspeakable tenseness of that last night in Perth, where the desperate stubbornness of feudal Scotland slew its prince and temporarily brought to an end the civilizing forces which he was directing. That final scene is Mr. John's triumph.

The book has other merits which ought to be commended. The minor characters, for example, are brilliantly depicted, with brevity and without the usual irrelevancies of anecdote. Charles of Orleans, Cardinal Beaufort, the Earl of Mar, not to mention Henry the Fifth and his Queen Katherine, are models of compact delineation. The social and economic aspects of fifteenth-century Europe are explained without taint of pedantry. Post-Chaucerian poetry and, of course, the "King's Quair" in particular, are made to heighten rather than interrupt the narrative. But the spotlight is always and rightly on James himself. Here it is that Mr. John has done his superlatively good job. He has kept us aware of what is going on in James's mind continuously, through the interminable years of his English imprisonment, through that long adolescence and early manhood when he lived on hope alone and so nearly despaired of ever gaining his freedom, when he saw Joan Beaufort in the garden at Windsor and began the singing of his inspired poem. He had many years to be a man before he was a king, but when release comes and the duties of sovereignty with it, then the king develops out of the man.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Reading Time, One Minute

IN *The Scientific Monthly* recently, and in *The Reader's Digest* currently, there appears an article by William Burnett Benton, Vice-President of the University of Chicago, on developing speed in reading. The author describes two machines now in operation at the University, "by which our faulty [reading] habits may be diagnosed and cured." These machines train the "patient" to cover a line of type in three or four eye-jumps instead of six or eight, to take in a phrase at each glance, instead of only a word or two. One of these machines is a simple projector, which "flashes a story on the screen, not a word at a time, not a line at a time, but *a phrase at a time.*" At first, the machine projects about "200 words a minute for half an hour. The next day the speed goes up to 225 or even 250. After 20 or 30 lessons a story is being run off at 650 words a minute for those who make the most progress."

Undoubtedly there are many readers who will profit by the development of efficient reading habits; undoubtedly many of us are slovenly readers who have much to learn from the efficiency expert. For students, for busy people who genuinely have too little time to read, for those who are obliged to cover a certain number of pages to dig out essential information, it is necessary to learn how to skim. (Reading at the rate of 650 words a minute is skimming for most of us.) The trouble with efficiency in reading, as of efficiency in everything else, is that it tends to become an end in itself. It can easily be overdone, particularly in reading that is undertaken for pleasure—either for relaxation and entertainment, or for the subtler pleasure of esthetic experience.

Any one with training as a book reviewer is qualified to offer a few remarks on efficiency in reading. According to some published observations, a rapid reviewer can cover 150 pages of an ordinary novel in an hour: that comes to 750 words a minute. He can do this without missing anything essential, except in those cases, unfortunately rare, where style is essential, where emotions and thoughts are subtly implicit, where there is poetry between the lines of prose. In these cases a good reviewer does not read at the rate of 750 words a minute: no one, for instance, pretends to read Thomas Mann at that speed. Even those readers who cover six to ten books a week will inevitably slow down, once they begin to enjoy themselves.

The fact is that as soon as a book begins to get under your skin, you will automatically become oblivious of the passage of time and the rate of speed at which you are reading. This is true whether you are reading "The Magic Mountain" or "The Code of the Woosters," "Men of Good Will" or the latest Nero Wolfe novel. Moreover, it is in general true that the faster you read, the more quickly you forget what you have read. Impressions from rapid reading may be vivid, but if they are not given time to sink in, they remain on the surface of the mind and quickly evaporate. The same thing is true in non-fiction. Every one has had the experience of cramming for an examination, and forgetting everything in the text book once the examination is over.

Mr. Benton's article does, to be sure, give warning against too much efficiency in reading speed. "Mere improvement in one's technique of reading is no guarantee that a person will have a richer, more meaningful reading experience," he writes. "Pausing to reflect on what we've read is one of the most valuable parts of the educational process. But as anyone can see, that's quite another matter from reading laboriously and inefficiently." That, however, is not all there is to be said. Reading speed is a convenience which can be developed by practice, but it should be developed on practice material—that is, on second-rate or inessential reading matter; and it is useful in so far as it becomes a habit—that is, an ability exercised unconsciously. Books, real books, are not meant to be read with an eye on the clock. You can train yourself to read Henry Adams's "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres" at the rate of six to seven hundred words a minute, just as you can race through Mont Saint Michel itself in half an hour or the Chartres Cathedral in fifteen minutes. And what are you going to do with all the time you save? Read guidebooks?

Reading Time, 24 Hours

If readers generally trained themselves to read twice as fast, would they accordingly read twice as much? Would efficient reading habits increase the consumption of books? On the face of it, yes; and there are publishers, librarians, and educators who regard the matter as an important one. In the words of the Cheney Report on the book industry seven years ago, "books are cannibals." They are in competition for reading time. A reader who takes six hours to read a 300-page novel is automatically out of the book market for two evenings. If he doubled his speed, he could read a novel every evening.

These considerations seem to us entirely artificial. The real question is, not how quickly the customer reads, but how much he enjoys what he reads. Induce him to speed up his reading mechanically, and the chances are that he will use that extra evening to go to the movies. Give him something he enjoys reading, enjoys so much that he has no room in his mind to consider the time it takes, and he will come back for more.

In this connection a very practical point can be raised, and one on which publishers can exercise a direct influence. Most books are too long. A familiar story which went the rounds of the book business in its day concerned a copy of a long novel on the shelf of a rental library. (The story is probably legend, since different versions identified the novel variously as "Anthony Adverse" and "Of Time and the River," but its allegorical truth is unimpeachable.) Anyhow, this copy was rented out to seventeen different customers before one of them noticed that a 32-page signature, somewhere after page 500, had been dropped out in the bindery. This is not necessarily to say that "Anthony Adverse" or "Of Time and the River" is too long—it may have been some other novel. But many ordinary, second-rate novels are too long. They run 400, 500, even 600 pages when they could easily say all they have to say in the standard 288. Many second-rate novels have qualities that make them worth publishing and worth reading, but too few of them have qualities that justify their length. This department has read at least a dozen in 1938 which attempt to build up an impression of solidity through mere prolixity and the exercise of total recall. Authors of second-rate non-fiction labor under the same disability. In other words, as has been pointed out in every critical quarter, long books, particularly long novels, have become a fashion.

If publishers want readers to read two books in the place of one, their most direct approach to the problem is in the influence they might exercise on authors to cut out inessentials—to cut out overwriting, to condense long descriptions and dialogues which are second-hand in effect, to eliminate verbosity. Not all long novels are too long; it depends on how good they are; "The Magic Mountain" is not too long, nor is "Men of Good Will." But a novel which is only promising, or only pretty good, has no excuse for trying to look monumental. Readers would cheerfully take two pretty good 300-page novels in place of one pretty good 600-page novel. And where they do take the 600-page novel, they often find that they are developing their reading efficiency beyond skimming to skipping.

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Letters to the Editor: *By-Products of Reading*

The Value of Allusions

SIR:—About two years ago, while trying to impress on a 15-year-old the value of reading the great books, I said that his enjoyment of books and magazines would be increasingly affected by what he read, and that the better the quality of it the fuller his appreciation would be of any text worth reading. Then I took from my pocket *The Saturday Review* received that morning, and as my eye fell on the editorial page I said: "Let's read this as an experiment. It's right off the press, but I bet you there are several things in it of the kind I mean." Well, first we came upon Caesar's first landing in Britain, and stopped right there to read about the brave ensign: "Jump, you fellows, if you've got any guts" (iv, 25). Next we met someone borne on eagle's wings, and turned to the Sinai story, which has been such a rich quarry for centuries of writers (Ex. 19, 4). There were allusions to lines in Keats and Byron, to one of Burke's speeches on the American colonies, and to Shakespeare. I think the boy was impressed. I know I was, and delighted with my luck in hitting on an article rich in allusion.

In the current (August 13) *SRL* there is little allusion, as it happens; but an example of the sort I am talking of occurs near the foot of the first editorial column: such stuff as dreams are made on. It isn't a felicitous allusion, since the American discussed is by no means of Hamlet's temperament; but it will serve. In the next column is "watchful waiting" and, in translation, Sainte-Beuve's "tour d'ivoire." These three are the only direct allusions that I found. But there are as many defective ones, all in the third column and all disappointing to an admirer of the writer.

These allusions just mentioned are to specific phrases or passages of our literature; another sort is the allusion to momentous events, as, "the latest happenings in Egypt or Russia or Belgium" (the Napoleonic wars); also there is the allusion that cannot be traced to any certain original and has become a mere figure of speech, as, "he buckles on his harness to meet the issue." Still other varieties of allusion could be illustrated but they are not to my purpose.

Which is to suggest that you open a department, or set aside a column, for allusions. You would take a passage, long enough to fill the column, from some writer, living or dead, in which you had discovered a number of allusions; the more richly allusive the selection the better. You would say, at the head of the column, that you had found (giving the number) allusions of the stipulated kind, and would invite the reader to find them and as many more as she could. You would number the lines, for ease of reference in the following number of the *Review*.

On page 9 of the current issue is a delightful Dickens puzzle; and I am thankful every week for your continuance of Mrs. Kingsley's Double-Crostics. Both of these are cousins of the Allusion Contest.

It's just a suggestion from

H. P. EARLE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

"I want a book I *can* put down."

"The Maniac"

SIR:—I take pleasure in identifying the quotation as requested by "D. C. P." in the *S.R.L.* of August 13th. It is an excerpt from the first verse of

THE MANIAC
Matthew Gregory Lewis

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad:
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad; I am not mad.

(It is said that a gentleman, in England, in order to gain possession of his wife's property, confined her in a mad-house, under pretence of insanity, until she became really a maniac.)

McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader, 1867.

There are seven additional verses, equally long, and quite dramatic.

LEILA FEARN LUSK.

Guntersville, Ala.

The editors wish to thank the following correspondents who also identified "The Maniac": Ivan J. Kremons, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ruth Yarnell; Joseph D. Weis, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. John Walter Pollock, Ridley Park, Pa.; G. W. S., Atlanta, Ga.; Maud C. Thompson, Owosso, Mich.; Dorothy Amann, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Oliver W. Gilpin, Kittanning, Pa.; Marion Prince, Philadelphia, Pa.; Fanny T. Taber, Greenville, S. C.; Judith C. Gibson, Winchester, Va.; Mrs. Thomas W. Davis, Thomasville, Ala.; Mrs. Caroline K. Louderback, Piedmont, Cal.; Rev. William J. Alberts, Old Greenwich, Conn.

Suggestion

SIR:—

From one who likes to solve the Double-Crostic
A criticism about its present make-up:
No mighty change, but just a simple shake-up
Is my suggestion: I would not be caustic;
In praise of Kingsley weekly burns my joss-stick;
Not lightly such a subject do I take up;
If my poor reputation you should rake up
You'd find in puzzling I am not agnostic.

Long, long ago, in Crosswords, we decided
The diagram is better at the bottom.
Filling in words then hides no definition.
As is, to fill in letters, defs are hided;
And one must have the strength of Osawatom—
Ie Brown before he finds his lost position.

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK.

Mr. Hartswick is an experienced puzzle editor. We are glad to put his suggestion before our readers. How do other Double-Crostic fans like the idea?—Ed.

Work in Prospect

SIR:—Apropos of George Dangerfield's splendid article on Lytton Strachey your readers may be interested in knowing that the only book he was immediately planning at the time of his death was a series of essays on Shakespeare's plays. He had various plans for future biographies—including one of *George Washington!*

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

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Horror Taken Neat

BLOODY BARON. By Vladimir Pozner. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ONE of the most confused and confusing chapters of the bewildering history through which we have lived during the past twenty-five years was written by the counter-revolutionary leaders who challenged the power of the Bolsheviks from 1917 to 1921. Backed by Allied gold and often assisted by foreign troops, the White Russian generals were defeated singly and successively, by fate and the Red Army under Trotsky, until the last organized campaigns against the Soviets flickered out in the Ukraine and the Crimea. The names of many of these leaders are still famous and familiar. Those of Kornilov, Kolchak, Yudenitch, Denikin, and Wrangel, for example, evoke more or less definite memories in most readers of a certain age. Other, less noted names, such as Ulagai, Orlov, Drozdovsky, Mai-Maevsky, Pavlov, and Romanovsky, live at least in all histories of the period. But there were still more obscure commanders, some of them guerrillas, who now survive as little more than elusive shadows on the screen of history. Vladimir Pozner's hero, Baron Ungern-Sternberg, is of this company.

You will find no mention of him in most of the books devoted to the events in which he played a minor part, nor will you find his name listed even in the index of a work as comprehensive as William Henry Chamberlin's "The Russian Revolution 1917-1921." But if you persist, you will discover that Mr. Chamberlin, despite his index, has given (vol. 11, p. 426) a few sentences to the bloody baron; and it seems advisable to quote those sentences here, as Mr. Pozner admits to inventing so much of his story that many readers might be misled into thinking that he had invented it all. After tracing the main currents of the counter-revolutionary movement, Mr. Chamberlin writes:

> One may dismiss in a few words a few still lesser episodes in the struggle. An officer in Kolchak's Army, Baron Ungern-Sternberg, who traced his descent from Genghiz-Khan, believed in Buddhism and cherished an implacable hatred for revolution and revolutionaries, embarked on an adventurous career that led him to the seizure of Urga, capital of Outer Mongolia, on February 3, 1921. He then invaded Russia, marching on Verkhne-Udinsk, but was beaten back. The pursuing Red troops entered Urga on July 7 and laid the foundations of another Asiatic protected native state, inclosed in fact, if not in name, within the Soviet Union and embracing the vast, although scantily populated deserts and steppes of Outer Mongolia. Ungern-Sternberg made a second raid into Russia, was captured and executed.

So much for the baron's authentic history. Readers of the above paragraph now know more about him than Mr. Pozner knew when, at the suggestion of Blaise Cendrars, he determined to "write a 'life' of some Russian adventurer." In search of a hero, he picked Ungern and began to gather such facts about him as he could, but the harvest was meagre, so—"The author has reconstructed a good deal and made up quite a lot. He is left wondering whether it can be called any kind of novel."

Somewhat after the fashion of the author of "The Quest for Corvo," he invites us to witness the actual writing of his book, but he does not tell us just where reconstruction ended and the making-up process began, and we cannot guess. What we have, compounded of unknown proportions of fact and fiction, is not a novel but an impressionistic account of a military, counter-revolutionary career, centered in Outer Mongolia, soaked in sufficient blood to justify Mr. Pozner's title, and probably typical of the guerrilla warfare of the day, when the Japanese, among other powers, were financing and directing White Russian "spear-heads" for their own ends. Ungern appears to have been one of the more eccentric and least intelligent of these chosen instruments. His political objectives are never clarified by his biographer, and one suspects that Mr. Pozner could not determine just what they were, if any. Despite the author's inventiveness, Roman von Ungern-Sternberg is not brought back to life in these pages. He remains merely a name, attached to a succession of mad and stupid and sadistic deeds.

"Bloody Baron," in the English prose of its translator, Mr. Warre B. Wells, may be heartily recommended to all readers who delight in gore and torture. Even those who can take their horror neat, in doses at least as strong as those served up by Boleslavski in "Lances Down" and by Briffault in the second installment of "Europa," will not be disappointed.

Interesting People

THE MONUMENT. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

NOWADAYS a romantic novelist would seem to be one who deals with individuals as though they are still more important than masses, who still feels a reverence, or shall we say respect, for the world of life inherent in each man or woman alone. Of these regrettably rare romantics Miss Pamela Johnson is one, and perhaps it is the rarity which gives to her writing its strong, heartening quality. We do not hear enough today of the dignity of man, apart from his importance as member of this group or representative of that ideology. Miss Johnson's characters have intrinsic dignity. They are whole people, they have mental and spiritual resources, their behavior traces back to richly human springs of action. I do not mean that they move god-like above the conflicts that absorb us all; they are a group of Londoners whose lives are touched at every point by contemporary history, by fascism, communism, the struggle for democracy, Spain, China, strikes at home. But they are touched, not swallowed. Their lives may be colored, altered, by events, but their minds within them are strong and sovereign. They do not illustrate ideas, they have them, and Miss Johnson has written about them a truly anthropocentric novel.

Pamela Hansford Johnson

Her characters fall into four groups, each centered about a chief figure. By treating now of one group, now of another, and by subtly interlinking their movements, Miss Johnson manages to present four sharply divergent spheres of society and at the same time to give them an underlying unity, so that the spheres are indeed seen to be circling about their common sun, London, and governed by its history. Further, she has employed a different kind of writing for each group. Mary Catpor, a brilliant young novelist, is studied very thoroughly in a style that seems most native to Miss Johnson, a keenly poetic biography ranging from childhood into the present years. On the other hand Rafael Barrandane, a rich young Jew, is presented in swift, intuitive strokes, suggestive rather than definitive. Mrs. Sellars appears at considerable length, a working woman who shares her life between her family and her work as a party secretary, yet she somehow slips through our fingers, shadowy except as a bundle of interests. But Albert Whye and his father Jim and his brother Ted are triumphs of characterization. So strongly realized are they, they live a life of their own in the book, and we follow them, the richly tragic Albert, the richly comic Ted, with an interest they have of themselves generated. The Whyes would have pleased Arnold Bennett tremendously; he built with such material as this. "The Monument" is rich in its materials and in the talent and high spirit Miss Johnson has lavished upon it.

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Materials of History

THE GATEWAY TO HISTORY. By Allan Nevins. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PROFESSOR NEVINS modestly begins his book with the announcement that "this volume is written by an amateur of history in the hope that it may aid other amateurs." Most of his colleagues would assume offhand that Professor Nevins is a professional in excellent standing. When, however, one reflects on the current overtones of the words "amateur" and "professional," what at first sight seems modesty becomes accuracy. For the amateur is what etymology implies, the "lover" whose passion is undulled by professional routine, unsatisfied by mere professional competence. In this sense we may grant amateur standing even to such a well-known American historian as Professor Nevins.

There has long been a need for a good introduction to the study of history—or, if that phrase seems too much of the schoolroom, let us say the profitable reading of history. The manual of Langlois and Seignobos was indeed available in an English translation; but these French scholars had most of the vices, as well as the virtues, of the hardened professional, and their book would discourage all but the determined candidate for the Ph.D. in history. There were numerous discussions of historical methodology, but these belonged mostly to that hybrid species, sterile beyond most hybrids, the philosophy of history. For many reasons which we cannot go into here, the general reader has in our day tended to lose touch with formal history. He devours historical novels and "new" biographies, but he seems unaware of the good reading available to him in the work of a long line of historians from Herodotus and Thucydides to Henry Adams and Elie Halévy.

Professor Nevins has written a book which should set many such readers to exploring for themselves in a field which American libraries, popular reprints, and second-hand sets open for the thinnest purse. He traces the origins of written history in cosmology, myth, and epic, analyzes the problems of fact-finding and pattern-making which confront the historian, describes quite unpedantically the somewhat pedantically named auxiliary sciences on which the modern historian leans so heavily—diplomatics, paleography, sphragistics, archeology, epigraphy, and the rest—discusses the relations between history and the social sciences and between history and literature, pays his respects to such grand attempts as those of a Spengler or a Toynbee at using history as a key to unlock the secret of the universe, and concludes with a sensible and suggestive chapter on how to read history for pleasure and profit. Three appendices provide a well-chosen list of historical reading, bibliographical aids to actual historical research, and a list of works on the study of history.

Professor Nevins has a broad range and a generous enthusiasm. His only dogma is that the historian must have no dogmas. He has the historian's characteristic unwillingness to remain long among abstractions, and even when he is discussing such problems as the nature of evidence or the methods of historical synthesis, he works constantly with concrete and often fascinating examples of the specific difficulties historians have faced. To those more interested than he in abstract problems of method, he may seem at times to glide over some of the fundamentals, and notably over the problem of the relation between history and sociology. But even here he displays none of the professional historian's narrow contempt for the struggling, uneasy science of sociology.

Crane Brinton teaches history at Harvard University.

The Discovery of Anesthesia

TRIUMPH OVER PAIN. By René Fülöp-Miller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

NO one who read Fülöp-Miller's story of Rasputin can doubt his feeling for drama, nor his ability to convey his excitement in vivid sentences. For this book he has chosen a subject far more profound in its bearing on the human race, and he brings to it the same excitement and dramatic power that made the earlier one so widely read. Here his "devil" is the physical pain that has dogged man's evolutionary climb all through the ages; his hero, a tragic little Boston dentist.

The discovery of anesthesia is not yet a hundred years old. Yet surgery has been practised since before the beginning of history, and so strong has been the will to live a little longer, that through thousands of years men and women endured agony which today we cannot even conceive. It was inevitable that in every age men should have struggled with this problem of pain, its meaning no less than its abeyance, and Fülöp-Miller sees this struggle as "the boldest adventure ever made by the human mind."

The book divides itself into three parts. In the seven chapters that make up the prologue of the drama, the author is concerned with the earlier attempts to solve the problem. The incantations of witch doctors merge into the semi-quackery of "animal magnetism," the development of narcotics, the chemists' laughing gas.

Dr. Morton of Boston: "revered as second only to Benjamin Franklin among American scientists."

Men whose names are known to only the very few appear for an instant, their faces shining with hope, the search again and again seems almost won, and then reaction, jealousy, or religion repudiate all that has been gained.

The drama proper begins with the "ether frolics" initiated by a student at the University of Georgia. With the entrance of the hero, Morton, it advances in a rising crescendo of struggle, victory, and tragic frustration.

It is true that in America the anesthesia story has been told and told brilliantly by Haggard, Flexner, De Kruif, and others. But it is a tale that loses nothing in the retelling, and here it is unfolded with an added wealth of detail, a racy vividness that holds the attention of even a reader who knows the major plot by heart. By European scientists, we are told, Dr. Morton is revered as second only to Benjamin Franklin among American scientists, and Fülöp-Miller here raises him to a dignity that will surprise many American readers.

All the chief actors in the drama having come to a grim and tragic end, the struggle for the acceptance of ether and chloroform against doctors, church, and superstitious laymen is at last over, and we have a brief epilogue devoted to the development of anesthetic usage up to the present time. The book ends on a note of victory and hope.

In his interesting preface the author makes it clear that it has been his aim to write an adequate history of man's "arduous struggle against the mighty forces of pain." That he prepared himself for this work by extensive research is testified by his valuable bibliography and chronological table. But he has been too intrigued by the Boston dentist to accomplish his full purpose, and he has subordinated an ages'-long struggle to the life of one man. The result is a stirring biography of an almost unknown dentist who, largely by chance, made one of the greatest contributions ever made to humanity.

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Visiting Firemen

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

II. Message on a Lump of Coal

COMING back—five days later—we had chosen the date with care. B., in mystical mood, voted for the summer solstice, June 21-22. Then, beyond any other time, Light lingers over Dark. As soon as we got out of the taxi at Union Station I knew all was well. The redcap who opened the door was one of my former students from Knox College (where I did some talking last spring). I think he was surprised at the way we primed his pump.

There are three of us, side by side, waiting for the gong. To our left, the Liberty, leaving at 4:10 (Chicago Daylight). To our right the General, 4:15. Ourselves at 4:30. Simmering at the head of the General is huge 5493: I had ridden her two years ago when she was hauling the Broadway. Well I remember that enormous tender (35,000 gallons of water) which (unlike some passengers) can go all the way to Fort Wayne without a drink.

Now our own engine comes backing in, with the mail car. She is 3768, one of the K4's but wearing her new streamlined domino; less consciously swish than the Century's get-up; brunette rather than blonde. In the cab is an old friend, engineer Mike Brucks, with whom I rode before. He has had 45 years' service. His fireman this time is Bill Stevens; and Mr. H. D. Allen, foreman of engines on the Fort Wayne division, is to take the driver's seat. Allen looms among men as 3768 does among engines: vast, strong-shapen, and sure. It takes a bigger man than me to fill his spare overalls. While B. wistfully shoots some photos (this time there's only room for one visiting fireman) I take the usual stupefied gaze.

A heavy pounding drums in her veins, and there is a savage glow from the open fire-door. A new type of worm gear in the automatic stoker: wide oblique flanges that churn the coal inward in a moistened paste. Steam pressure is 200 on the dial. Allen turns up the peak of his striped cap, settles himself with that forward look that is characteristic of the job, lays fist on a bright brass handle. I'm about to ask details of the brake gauges when we get the chirp from Ben Carter, the conductor. Allen eases out the long crossbar throttle. Bill Stevens in the lefthand seat shouts "Clear!" While I'm still figuring out which of a maze of overall pockets is best for notebook and pencil we are passing thunderously over the crisscross of switches in the yard. The whistle roars. Mike Brucks has provided two extra seats: an orange crate for himself and a nail keg for me. We place these on the leaping steel plate behind the seats of command. But it's too exciting to sit. There's just room to stand behind Bill Stevens, leaning over his shoulder.

The hatch is open in the roof of the cab. Soon you notice the new shape does make a difference. It streams a less confused current of air. There are fewer cinders in the cab (Allen doesn't even bother to wear his goggles, says his spectacles are enough) and when the whistle blows we are not blinded with steam.

At Englewood a New York Central flyer is pulling out just before us. A powerful big baby (of standard shape) with disk drive-wheels but a load only half ours. We overhaul her while her crew examine us attentively, but either we (or they?) are too professional to make any gestures. At South Chicago, where we have curves to take, she repasses us and then bends away on her own course.

There is much more sense of struggle in getting away from Chicago. All through those industrial suburbs, with heavy traffic, innumerable grade crossings, other lines at rectangle, it is nearly 30 miles before you can begin to build some margin over the mile-a-minute average. But it's urgent to begin to take a lead. The stretch from Englewood to Fort Wayne, 141 miles, is the tightest bit of timing on the whole run. We're allowed only 120 minutes. With a continuous howl we yell through Whiting and Gary. Allen, Brucks and Stevens all have their watches on a short thong on the chest: they lift them and look down piously like holy men doing an orison over a pectoral medal. Sometimes all three unconsciously do so at the same moment, the three heads bending together like a rite. A steam engine has no speedometer: you know your pace by practice, or reckon it on the mile posts. Beyond Gary we get a glimpse of inland fringe of the Dunes; then we are in open country. Fields of daisies, and a road parallel to us where cars halt along the way to watch. But here it is mostly upgrade; not until beyond Valparaiso can we get top speed.

The noise is making me deaf. I lean over Bill's shoulder as he handles the stoking valve, but some of his remarks escape me. I get that he's been on this job since 1910. "This is home to me, I like it better than any job on earth. I'm not saying it's all easy, but it's not all hard either." He looks with an air of tolerant concern at a motor car racing us along the road a few yards away. Three young fellows in it are giving her the gun for all they're worth (more, maybe), waving and grinning. They keep abreast of us for a couple of miles, at 78 m.p.h., the car leaping like a trout on every hummock of cement. "They're taking a chance," Bill grunts. I think I heard him add that there are hospitals and undertakers in Valparaiso.

As before, everyone is out in the summer afternoon to see her pass. For an Indiana village the Broadway takes the place of a cocktail. Bill splits the furnace door with his foot-pedal and critically studies the raving fury. Sometimes he leaves it open briefly, "to blow the coal out of the back corners." Past Valparaiso we get going 85 on a long straightaway. Howl, roar and rattle; rattle, roar and howl. There's an air of calm competence about Allen. The technique seems to be to set the throttle at a given spot and hang onto the whistle chain. Bill or Mike Brucks occasionally damp down the cab with a hose to lay the haze of coaldust.

But several things are going to complicate our push against Time. Beyond the Kankakee River we slow for water: looking out you see the tender plowing through great clouds of spray. We have just picked up again when signals hold us down. We're closing in too fast on the second section of the General. "We run around 'em at Plymouth," Allen explains. So until Plymouth we have to hold back a bit. We jog along at a mere 65 or so; you can almost see 3768 shaking her shoulders impatiently like a fresh

(*Continued on page* 16)

"Her new streamlined domino. . . ."

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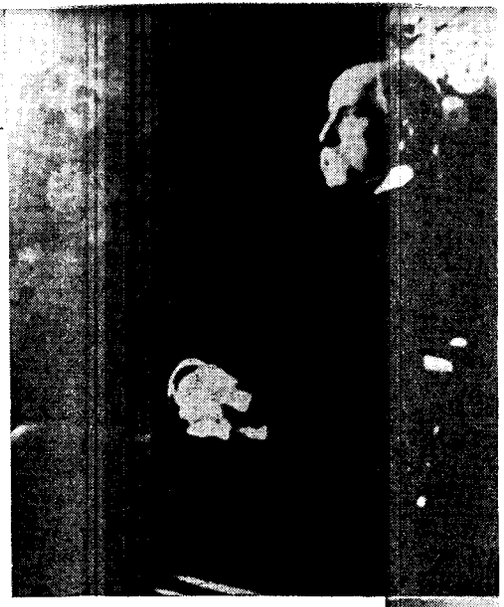

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Ellen Glasgow

(*Continued from page 4*)

ironical in Miss Glasgow's novels, because she sees her world as always a departing and a becoming.

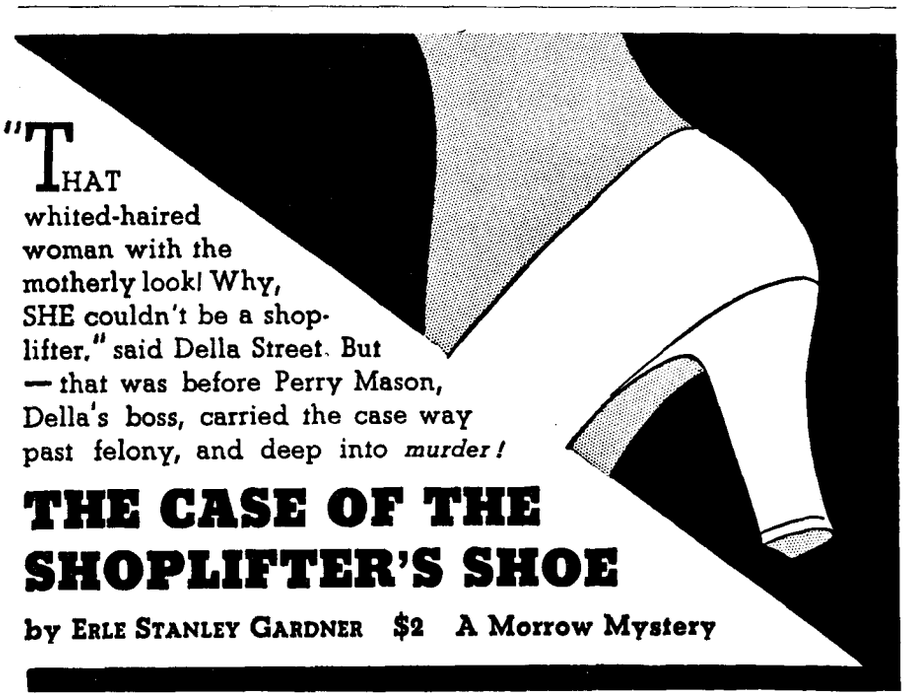
And she is a tragic writer, one of the few in later American literature. I do not mean that "The Romantic Comedians" is not comedy, or that there is not rich comedy throughout all her novels. But in this brief survey I am seeking for her dominant quality—and that is tragic,—tragedy lurks behind even her comedy. Tragedy for her is not the American tragedy of a youth, ignoble at the beginning, and crushed by an ignoble society. Her tragedy also is classic. Its symbol is Aunt Matoaca in "The Romance of a Plain Man," a woman of principle, whose conflict between the rights of women and the inviolability of her own class was resolved in a Spartan eccentricity, in which her virtues became the enemies of her friends. But Aunt Matoaca is heavily underlined. The tragedy which stirs Miss Glasgow's imagination is not eccentric; nor entirely unhappy. It is the tragedy of frustration—the waste of life through maladjustment of man to his environment and environment to its men. It is the poignant tragedy of nobility, cramped by prejudice, or of beauty gone wrong through inability to adjust to the real, or of a good philosophy without premises in existing experience.

Tragedies of all kinds are eternal in human history, but the choice of scene may determine their success as art. Miss Glasgow's choice, predetermined, of course, by her own experience, has been fortunate. Virginia, as she writes of it, has the advantage of wide contrasts in behavior, philosophy, and faith, which is a great help to the novel of manners. In Virginia, also, the old Colonial and Federal America came closer to meeting with vigor still present in one and energy abundant in the other, than elsewhere in the United States. Charleston kept its code but it decayed quietly. Boston and Philadelphia flowed, the one toward the intellectual life, the other toward quietism, so early in our history that the contrast between their old societies and the new industrial age was a different and less dramatic one when it came. New York was a traders' city from the beginning, with a traders' code adjustable to all weathers.

Like so many true novelists, Miss Glasgow's distinction is not to be found in her style. Her style is always adequate:—in her musings and commentaries it rises above adequacy to a beautiful excellence, in her dialogue sometimes falls below that of her peers in the art of fiction. Perhaps this may be due to the articulate but not highly literate mind of the South, or at least the feminine South, which she draws upon for her records. I find her Negroes' speech far racier and more personable and (I should say) better written than her whites'. But style is not the chief glory of a novel. Indeed a novel, unless it is a satire or a fantasy, does not exert the same pressure upon language as poetry, essay, or even history. There is inevitably and properly something familiar in the novel which asks for not too much consciousness of the word. Novels are seldom written about stylists, and style in the sense of beauty cannot always reside in their dialogue.

True style in a good novel colors, but no more than colors, with the author's temperament, the transcript from reality, and carefully avoids any elevation beyond the pitch of the daily life for which it is a medium. Miss Glasgow's work stands this test admirably. And style, in that larger sense, of harmonious construction, which conducts the reader unfailingly along the path of narrative which has been chosen as the author's way of telling a story, she long since mastered, and practises as well as any one living. Her novels move slowly, by comments on action, and musings after it, as much as by scenes and incidents, yet, as her popularity shows, she holds her readers by this difficult technique, which many more experimental novelists have attempted with only a few who will read them.

I nominate her as our best contemporary master of the tragic drama of significant manners. I nominate her as our tenderest realist of men (men more than women), and our most clear-eyed ironist, for since she is ironic only of the men and women she likes and admires, she never mixes her irony with the stronger but cruder brew of satire. I nominate her for the next American prize worthy of her, for it is certain that she must be numbered among the handful of painters, sculptors, and critics of our time in America, who would be approved both for their craftsmanship and their vision by connoisseurs in any age.


"THAT whited-haired woman with the motherly look! Why, SHE couldn't be a shoplifter," said Della Street. But — that was before Perry Mason, Della's boss, carried the case way past felony, and deep into *murder!*
THE CASE OF THE SHOPLIFTER'S SHOE
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Penitence and Power

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. By Johannes Jorgensen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $3.50.

THIS elaborate study is the product of many years of devoted work on the part of its Danish author. By long residence in Siena he has made himself familiar with every house in which Catherine lived, every street and every path which she may once have frequented. He has mastered the whole of Catherinian lore, both factual and legendary, and has, in so far as a twentieth century mystic can, recaptured the spirit of her enthusiasm. And now he has written, out of his experience and his learning, a book which should be the standard biography for several generations, so complete and authoritative is its interpretation of Catherine's character and philosophy, and so nicely discriminative its differentiation between myth and reality.

Catherine Benincasa was a very great woman, but more admirable than lovable. Her life was one long period of penitence, marked by the most severe self-tortures. She suffered her way to power, but it was real power. Her single-minded intensity brought Pope and Prince to her feet. She was a political as well as a moral force in an Italy that was torn by intercity wars and which was caught in the intellectual anarchy of the early Renaissance. But even Mr. Jorgensen, with all his persuasiveness, cannot make her attractive. Her austerity is too relentless, her dogmatism too narrow and harsh, her ambition too militant and tyrannical. She fought ruthlessly on the side of the angels, but a little mercy might have made her victories more signal.

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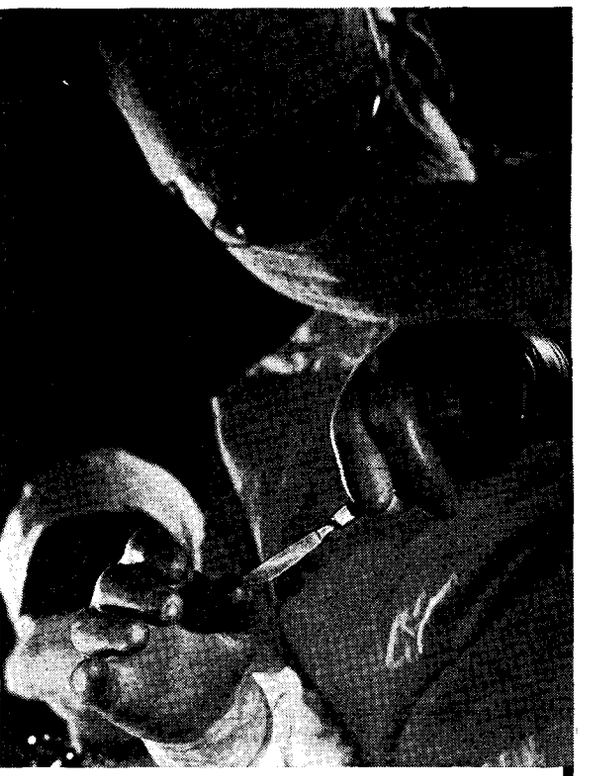
A famous surgeon's autobiography

The Healing Knife

by GEORGE SAVA



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Accident drove him, not even a medical student, to perform his first operation, during the Russian Revolution. War showed him that only the knife that heals could make his life worth living. Today, after experiences which read like fiction —but really happened—he is a great London surgeon whose true identity must be disguised. His is one of the most fascinating autobiographies of a doctor ever published. *Just out,* $2.50

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THE MOON IS FEMININE

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y.

Visiting Firemen

(*Continued from page* 12)

horse held in. Allen looks at his watch more often. As we come toward the Hill (as the grade west of Plymouth is called) we get another Approach, which means technically (Bill tells me) "reduce speed to ½ of maximum." Now we can read roadside signs, Mrs. Tyrrell is advertising her chicken dinner, and so is Mrs. Carlson. This is in Grovertown, or maybe Donaldson; I can't swear. Notes made with a stub pencil in an engine cab, and smeared with soot, are not very legible afterwards.

Now we begin to travel. Near Etna Green we meet the Rainbow going West (she left New York just before midnight last night) and both wink their headlights in salute. We pass a big Greyhound bus rolling like a porpoise in a seaway. We are moving 80 and approaching the Tippecanoe River when all three officers are puzzled. A signal is flashing on and off—"pumping," Allen calls it—registering alternately Clear and Caution. This is unexpected. But they seem to know exactly what to do. Bill calmly lifts up the padded seat, under which I see a careful store of torpedoes, cartridges, flares and other emergency gear. He takes a pad of paper and a pencil and hands them to Brucks. Mike writes a message. He wraps it round a chunk of coal, fastening it with a large rubber band. Coming into Warsaw (appropriately the seat of Kosciusko County) we slow, get the water tower's attention by a succession of short quick blasts, and Brucks heaves off the memo. The water tower man will send someone in haste to see what's wrong. Presumably some electrical connection has shorted. I have a vision of a handcar hastening down the track behind us.

By this time we're four minutes in arrears. It's 40 miles to Fort Wayne, and we're due there in 26 minutes. Allen is still phlegmatic, but something in the way he heaves on the curly injector handle tells me he's going to let her rip. Bill takes a special look at his fire. Brucks has forgotten his orange crate: he and I, capering on the rocking footplate, hang on behind the two driving seats. The pink and gold afternoon is torn in two by our yell of warning. Couples boating on pretty little Winona Lake are stopped in mid-compliment. A man working a field pauses and sits on his harrow to look; his horses flatten their sensitive hairy ears. Suppertime light is on green Indiana. I check the mileposts with my watch. Several times in succession we pass them at an even 40 seconds, which is 90 m.p.h. Rarely do they stretch more than 43. Bill is still courteous to tell me what he thinks will interest. In the screech and bedlam of that final spurt he yells in my ear something which I finally interpret. "This is Columbia City, they had a celebration there for some writer." But neither he nor I can remem-

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ber who it was, and by now we're miles beyond. And Allen, stretching largely after two hours of complete concentration, gives over to Mike—who brings her into Fort Wayne one minute late.

While Allen is hauling me out of the borrowed overalls (there was a cigar in the breast pocket; I hope he knows I tried hard not to crush it) B. F. trots up the platform. (We have 4 minutes here, to change engines). His mysticism has justified itself, it appears; for who, he says, do you suppose is on the train? His publisher (and mine); whom we encounter in the most unexpected places. But the publisher, with commendable skepticism, has refused to believe that I'm in the engine. "Just come into the lounge before you clean up," says B., "and let him see your face." This, though startling to sensitive clients at the bar, we do; and Joe Lippincott is properly reproved for incredulity. But he has his witty comeback. One of the group who have gathered on the settee is a lady from Chicago with the lovely name of Narcissa. When, blackened and disheveled, the visiting fireman is presented to her, Joe cried "The Nigger of the Narcissa."

We found an alcove, looking over levels of sunset. As a matter of fact we didn't leave it until we reached Pittsburgh some six hours later. I was rather silent for a while; not only partly deaf but even commendably dumb. I was thinking about the Sons of Martha and the Sons of Mary. That far-away musical note, so gently wafted back through air-conditioned cars and mineral-felt insulation, was that the raving scream under which I had cowered? I thought, perhaps with wholesome shame, that some of us have yammered a bit while the Fitz-Marthas were getting places as near as possible on time. As Kipling said:

> It is their care that the gear engages,
> It is their care that the switches lock.

Indiana is a State famous for literature; but no sonnet was ever written better than the manuscript that was wrapped round a chunk of coal.

It looked to B. and me as though our expedition had proved to be a parable after all. Maybe we were ready at last, after our spell of defeatism, to pull off the siding and get back on a Main Line —which, we reminded ourselves, has the biggest horseshoe in the world for luck. The publisher pleaded fatigue and went to his 6 foot 5 bed; and we let him go for we wanted him to have all his energy to sell books. But the rest of us talked and talked. When Sam Daglish, the steward, asked what we wanted there seemed only one answer. Suppose you have a lady of quality, a scientist, a night club proprietor and a reporter, all sitting together to dedicate the Future, and in a train christened for glamor and the brightness of the night. What would you order that would satisfy and symbolize them all? So did we.

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GREEN WORLDS

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
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Prologue to a Panorama

THE SURVIVORS. By René Béhaine. Translated by Edward Crankshaw. With a preface by Ford Madox Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SLOANE

ACCORDING both to internal evidence and Mr. Ford Madox Ford's preface, "The Survivors" is only the prelude to a work of tremendous length, one of those vast fictional treatments of a section of the human past which seem to be halted by nothing short of the second law of thermodynamics. The complete story, of which this book is scarcely more than an opening chapter, will probably be a multi-volumed library in itself. Unless, of course, the publishers or the public come to feel that this is just that one masterpiece too many. . . .

Mr. Ford's preface is charged with a relentless affirmation. He scarcely qualifies his admiration and endorsement: for him René Béhaine is "the most remarkable living writer," and to make assurance doubly sure, the publishers have also included an affidavit from Mr. Léon Daudet to the same effect.

Apparently "The Survivors" is the beginning of a work entitled, in full, "History of a Society," and that society is part of the France of the early years of this century. The theme of the whole is to be the marriage of a daughter of the *ancien régime*, Catherine de Laignes, with a son of the *haute bourgeoisie*, Michel Varambaud. But everything here is prefatory to the main thesis, for Michel enters the book only a few pages from the end, and two of the three long sketches which comprise the present volume are concerned with Catherine's mother and father. Without the preface these three "chapters" would appear almost pointless.

The best of them is the third, in which the education of Catherine is described with extraordinary clarity and detail. The reader can almost smell the stale air in the rooms of the second-rate convent school where her parents sent her. The life of the place is meticulously recreated in all its hollowness and stultification, and though Catherine herself hardly comes to life before the very end, it is not essential that she should, for no individuality could survive the mind-numbing and soul-drugging atmosphere of the school in which she grows up.

Mr. Ford leaves out of his preface a good deal that would be interesting to know about his author, but he does vouchsafe that René Béhaine is three things: "First, a royalist; after that, an atheist; after that a Pacifist." Now these are three interesting but hardly remarkable beliefs; what is peculiar about them is their combination in one man. However the author does it, it is plain that he has made some kind of synthesis of these beliefs, and writes from their combined approaches. What interest him, apparently, are "those matters which form, continue, and modify the progress of a family; these being considered less from the point of view of the individuals concerned than as events in themselves." In fact, *much* less from the point of view of the individuals concerned, for M. Béhaine succeeds, thus far at least, in bringing none of his people to life except his old women, the members of that gerusiarchy which rules the social system about which he writes.

At its finest, M. Béhaine's style is austere. Much of the time it is undernourished and even dull. He doesn't give a continental for any of the people about whom he writes, and this undoubtedly explains his bloodless characterizations. Perhaps, as succeeding volumes appear, this lustreless frigidity may be offset by the sheer weight of the work. But I suspect that M. Béhaine will remain a special taste, a writer whom there will be a few, perhaps, to admire but almost none to love.

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Fathers and Sons

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW. By Charles G. Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

MR. NORRIS'S new novel has a problem behind it, or at least a situation which the author regards as a problem. Its theme is the thorny one of the relation between parents and children, and by casting his central figure in both roles in successive sections, Mr. Norris has given it extended treatment.

At the beginning of the story, Jerry Kennedy has come to New York to live his own life and get away from his domineering father, a Midwestern small-town banker. The year is 1904 and there is quite a good deal of vintage New York in these opening scenes. Jerry makes no success of his career, but he does meet, love, sleep with, and ultimately marry an ardent and lovely girl named Connie. She is in New York studying to be a singer.

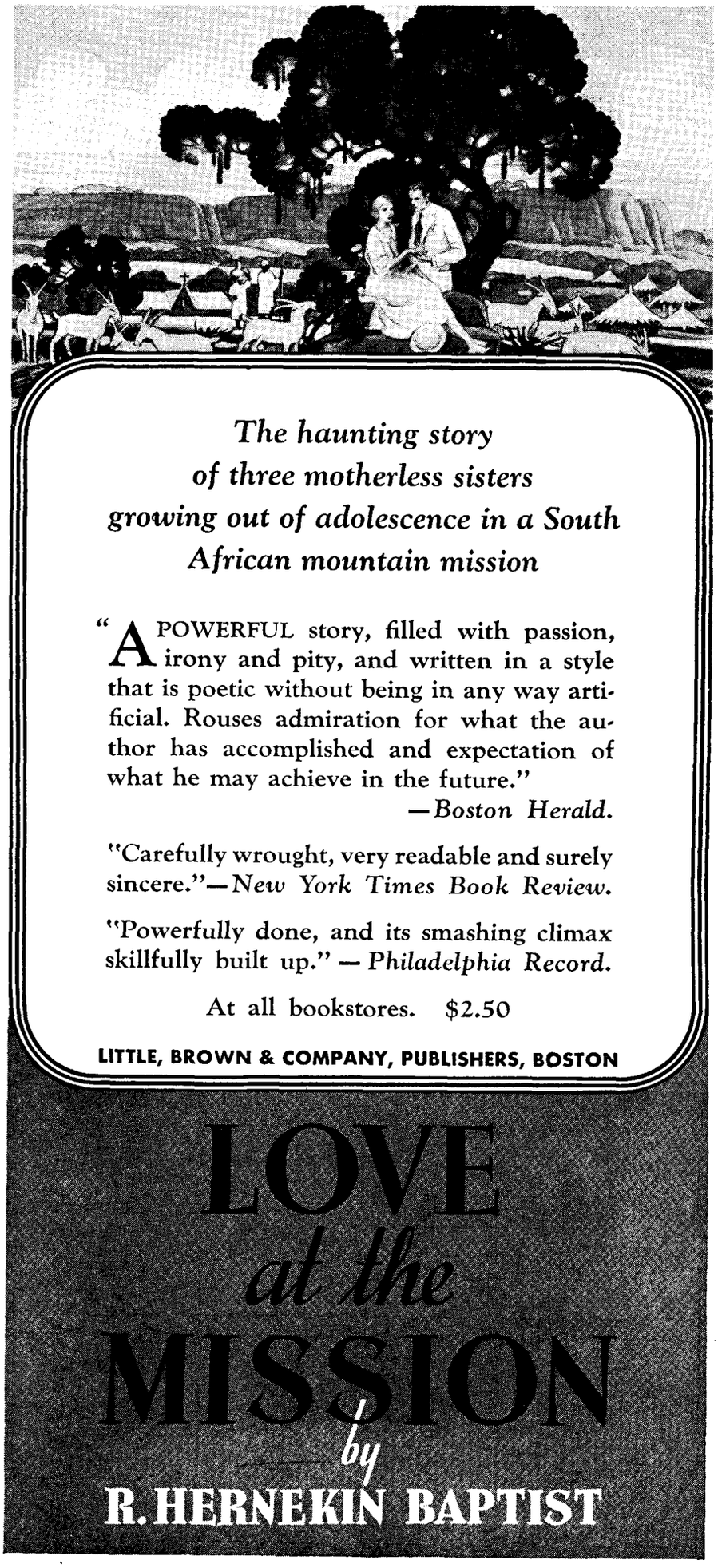
Things go badly for the young couple and they are forced to return to St. Cloud and the merciless domination of Mr. Kennedy Sr. As the stern and disciplinarian father he puts Jerry to work in the bank, but when he attempts to force Connie into the straitjacketed behavior he considers appropriate, she rebels.

The products of these forces are hardly surprising. Connie runs away and Jerry stays behind. (The old man, after all, was his father and not hers.)

At this point the author interposes a gap in time, and when the lights come up for the second act it is 1931. To the very considerable surprise of the reader, Jerry has become a successful man. Apparently Mr. Kennedy's system got results, anyway. And not only is he successful, but he has remarried, has three children of his own, and two adopted foster-children, one of them Connie's. But he is not happy about them. He wonders if his lenience is any better than his father's authoritarianism. Apparently not. Anyhow, the young people get into automobile accidents, come home drunk, experiment sexually, and suffer the usual younger-generation disasters.

The tone of these final pages suggests that Mr. Norris is no more satisfied by the inconclusiveness of it all than is the reader. The whole book is handled without his customary assurance. You feel that he has been writing as much for the sake of self-clarification as for the reader. Worst of all, he writes with an uncertainty that belies the jacket blurb's "deep comprehension" and probably accounts for the inclusion of much unnecessary episode and description.

The net result appears, to this reader at least, a fumbling and pedestrian book which is unsatisfactory by any standards and surely most of all by those of Mr. Norris himself.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Regions—Natural and Human

AMERICAN REGIONALISM. A Cultural-Historical Approach to National Integration. By Howard W. Odum and Harry Estill Moore. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by HERBERT AGAR

WHAT is regionalism? As used by many writers the word is a substitute for sectionalism; but in the present book regionalism has a larger meaning. It is an attempt to harmonize the old American sectionalism with our national ideal. It is a creative approach to the cultural and geographic and economic jealousies which have caused so many quarrels during our history.

Regionalism studies the differences which provoked these jealousies. It tries to define them with some of the detachment of science. It raises the question whether these differences cannot be made a source of richness in our national life, instead of being allowed to remain a source of ill will and exploitation.

What is a region? Stuart Chase defines it briefly as "an area where nature acts in a roughly uniform manner." This is the geographic region. Lewis Mumford writes, "Between the continent and the historic village is an area sometimes larger, sometimes smaller than the political state. It is the human region." This is a description of the region in cultural terms. But in a country so vast as the United States there are many other types of region—some of them purely arbitrary "service regions," some of them set by the facts of history or the facts of nature.

Odum and Moore admit the difficulty of giving a precise meaning to these words. They have not sought to impose upon them a meaning of their own; rather, they have tried to describe every possible meaning which could reasonably be attached to the words. And they have tried to draw a clear distinction between "regionalism" and "sectionalism."

These authors appear to know almost everything, and they have unfortunately found it necessary to mention everything that they know. The result is like a gigantic doctoral dissertation in which all relevant facts are mentioned but no facts are digested. The reader has to supply the meaning of the book, and create its importance, out of his own imagination. If he is prepared to do this he will find the book fascinating in detail, and permanently important as a reference library.

The authors doubtless intended to write exactly the book which they have written, and it may seem captious to quarrel with them for not writing a different book. Yet it is hard not to be annoyed at them for producing a work with so little form and so little focus. Howard Odum, Director of the Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina, is one of the most learned men in the social sciences. He has already given us vast compendiums of fact similar to "American Regionalism." He is perhaps our leading authority on the special regional problems of the Southeast. This reviewer wishes Mr. Odum would use his learning and his experience with more boldness, that he would impose more form on his endless definitions and his endless accurate descriptions of detail.

Behind the fascinating studies and statistics and charts and maps of "American Regionalism" lies one of the major themes of our history, and we would like to hear more of Dr. Odum's opinions on that theme. The United States, because of her size, has to cope with two great problems at the same time: the usual problem of class exploitation which troubles every advanced capitalist state, and the special problem of regional exploitation which is an American form of imperialism.

The problem of regional exploitation arose during Washington's administrations (it had been foreseen and bitterly argued at the Constitutional Convention), and it remains acute to the present day. It was recently called to the country's attention in a startling fashion, when President Roosevelt named the South as our Number One Economic Problem. The South is rich in natural resources, rich in population, and it is undergoing an industrial revolution. Yet the South is poor in money, unable to afford the education, the social services, the amenities of the North and East. A large part of the South's resources are being used for the benefit of people far away.

This is one form of an old problem in human history. Neither rhetoric nor indignation will cure it. But the facts which are gathered together in "American Regionalism," if they were widely known, would help us in seeking a cure. So it is doubly a pity that so many of the facts are obscured by the awkward structure and the verbosity of the book.

Herbert Agar was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in history for his book, "The People's Choice." His new book, "The Pursuit of Happiness: the Story of the Democratic Party," is shortly to appear.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 232)

ROBERT HERRICK:
"A LESSON IN LOVE"

There be in love as many fears
As the summer corn has ears;
Sighs and sobs and sorrows more
Than the sand that marks the shore;
Freezing cold, and fiery heats; . . .
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever.

THEY'RE EATING IT UP!

The *Nero Wolfe* mystery novel with *recipes*...
A detective story that makes your mouth water!

Too Many Cooks

By REX STOUT
author of THE RED BOX, etc.

WILL CUPPY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books":* "A top-notch detective tale...At one and the same price you get what amounts to an unusual cookery book...As a work on the subtle interrelations of slaughter and gastronomy, it's the best bargain in years."

TIME: "Smooth concoction of crime and cooking, in which Nero Wolfe, assisted by faithful, wise-cracking Archie Goodwin, solves the murder of one of the world's 15 best chefs."

THE NEW YORKER: "By far the best and the funniest of Mr. Stout's books."

NEWSWEEK: "Highly satisfactory reading—and eating."

$2.00, FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

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Victoriana

THE LONDON MISCELLANY. A NINETEENTH CENTURY SCRAPBOOK. Compiled by Robert Harling. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.

THE nineteenth century is rapidly becoming the antiquarian's paradise. The furniture collector has discovered marble-topped tables and the amateur of ceramics is cultivating a taste for Parian vases. The period of furbelows and pin-cushions was so prolific of oddities, useful and useless, so tirelessly inventive of objects practical and impractical, that there is no end to what the specialist may uncover. Mr. Harling, who has edited this novel and refreshing anthology, is a collector like the rest, but his passion is for old newspapers and other ephemeral literature in which the spirit of the age is revealed at its source, in its unaffected and undeveloped beginnings. He is no impertinent jokester mocking the solemnities of his ancestors with a parade of their absurdities, but a talented explorer in the by-ways of Victorian life. By judicious clipping he has fashioned a book which is not only amusingly redolent of antimacassars and smoke balloons but which also adroitly reflects the fundamentals of Victorian thought, its faith in progress; its worship of solid craftsmanship, its industrial ambition and pragmatic humanitarianism.

Here is a century of London's history told by the forgotten observers who were not thinking of posterity. Contemporary almanacs chronicle the celebrations and amusements of the *beau monde;* the Great Exhibition, its Crystal Palace and its glorification of the machine, is unearthed from "The Universal Exhibitor"; a Russian traveler condemns the inelegancies of middle-class architectural taste; a French journalist comments upon mid-century political niceties; the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* pictures such celebrities as Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Carlyle. Nor is sport omitted. The fascinating new game of polo is patronized by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the remarkable dead heat in the boat race of 1877 is circumspectly described by *The Times.* A whole section of the book is devoted to "The London Gourmet," who seems to have done best at the Reform Club, while the amenities of the new Savoy Hotel, as praised in the *Illustrated News,* would move any Boniface to envy.

There are rich nuggets in plenty for every curious-minded reader. Even the specialist will find something to his fancy not only in the text but also in the many extremely apposite illustrations reproduced from prints of the period. Together, pictures and letter press provide a most engaging survey of every phase of a city's activities, a survey that is all the more exciting and admirable for its elliptic suggestiveness.

JUST PUBLISHED

TIDES OF MONT ST.-MICHEL

A novel by ROGER VERCEL

Are you one of those who have fallen under the spell of "The Mount"? . . .

HAVE you been there? Or have you dreamed of seeing for yourself that fascinating product of religious fervor wedded to an engineering miracle? For a thousand years it has been the object of worship by pilgrims . . . a fortress surrounded by quicksands and cut off by a tide that races in with the speed of death. Its simple fisher-folk ply their trade in the shadow of its walls, at one with the sea and the sky. . . .
Whether you have seen Mont St. Michel or not, you will delight in the spell of this story, of two people who came to the Mount to live, one to find peace and joy in it, the other destruction. . . .

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY *says:* "Tens of thousands of Americans have been to Mont St. Michel, or read Henry Adams' description of its virile magnificence, wall upon wall, vault upon vault, up to the flaming archangel in the sky. Many of these will enjoy this novel because of its background . . . But M. Vercel draws only its unusual circumstances from the scene, and these are quite as valuable for the way in which they sharpen a drama which could have been played anywhere . . . Indeed his story is all so simply told, with such a subtle interweaving of drama and scenery, moral conflict, social adjustment, and adventure, that the after-taste of the reading is even better than the story itself."

This new novel by a Goncourt Prize Winner is the September Fiction Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. One of the finest books ever published under the Random House imprint.

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"Females Forlornly Seeking Fun"

WORK ENDS AT NIGHTFALL. By Marjorie Hillis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MARJORIE HILLIS has made herself an accredited spokesman for the contemporary business woman in one fell book. "Live Alone and Like It" showed that she knew what she was writing about, and the response of women throughout America showed that they knew she knew. She looked at working women after working hours. She looked at them with a sharply analytic glance, and she recorded what she saw with an astringent humor.

In "Work Ends at Nightfall" Miss Hillis approaches her subject from a new angle and through a new medium. This time she turns frankly to fiction and presents it in crisply appropriate verse.

Seven working women
Ending a long day;
Dinner at a prix fixe,
Proud that they can pay.

That sets the stage and gives the tone. These seven women are all "doing well" in their professions, and yet they are all looking at each other warily to see what secrets may be exposed or hidden by the faces of the others, or of themselves. Miss Hillis catches with disturbing exactness the on-guard attitude of her characters. They are new to this glittering world of their own achievement. They are not quite sure of themselves, they are self-conscious. Only one of them seems to get, or expects to get, pleasure or satisfaction from her work. They are proud of their careers, but they wear them ornamentally on their chic sleeves—they have made no room for them in their hearts or in their minds.

We are introduced to the seven characters as they come into the restaurant, "overrun with females so forlornly seeking fun"; we listen to their general conversation, brittle, ambiguous; and then we follow each one out through her thoughts into her individual life: Kate, a first-rate writer content with a second-rate husband; Claudia, stylist, who has learned that "little rooms are little loves" and envies no one; Eileen in advertising who chose early the ladder of ambition—

It's one you can climb, but it hasn't a top.
You have to come down or go on and never stop;

Nancy, photographer, whose proficiency in love threatens love itself; Irene, secretary, fearful of the present and the future; Mary, working in a gift shop, but only as a sideline, husband and baby her realities; and Martha, the social worker, who has found the meaning of life in work.

Miss Hillis is at her best in particularization. She draws each woman complete in her own private world, but when she turns to philosophical generalization, a freshness goes from the verse, old answers are forced on new questions.

It is extremely doubtful whether anything of George Sterling's will be found in the future to compare in excellence with the lovely sheaf of *Poems to Vera*. Recently made available to the publishers, these romantic lyrics take their rightful place beside the best of his work. Frontispiece by Arnold Genthe.

POEMS TO VERA

BY GEORGE STERLING

Edition designed by D. B. Updike

OXFORD $2.00

Economic Diagnosis

SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION. A Study in the Functional Weaknesses of Capitalism. By John M. Blair. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by W. O. SCROGGS

WHILE Mr. Blair's book is one more in that sheaf of treatises compiled in these gloomy days of depression and war scares and foreseeing the near end of capitalism, he has made an original contribution through his method of approaching the problem. He undertakes to establish his conclusions with the aid of masses of statistics culled from recent official documents, and he finds that the capitalist system carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Of course, the Marxian Socialists have been preaching this doctrine all along, but they have relied on dialectic and have solemnly proclaimed their thesis as if it were one of the decrees of Fate. Mr. Blair only mentions the Marxians once or twice in passing, and then mainly, it seems, to emphasize the difference in his own method of arriving at a similar conclusion.

At the outset the author lays down four axioms which he says that capitalism must observe if it is to continue to function. It must not displace, through mechanization, an increasing number of workers; it must not raise prices without raising wages correspondingly; it must not distribute a large part of income to the upper economic groups; and it must continually expand. Since these are laid down as axioms, the author is spared the task of establishing their validity, and he presents numerous statistical data to prove that the axioms have been violated, sometimes willfully and sometimes unavoidably. Obviously, then, corrective measures are in order; but will they work under the present system? Mr. Blair makes a cursory and, this time, largely subjective examination of the possibilities and concludes that the prospect is none too happy for the future of capitalism. It is impossible to resist a suspicion that what he says on this point fits the description he gives of the views of some who do not agree with him: it reflects the state of his own mind and not reality.

A book of this kind will convince only those who do not need to be convinced. The author uses only American statistics to establish facts about the capitalism which he avers is practically world-wide. While statistics for the United States are more complete than those of any other country in the world, they are still by no means adequate for establishing the author's broad conclusions. Furthermore, most of the data are for the period since 1919 and thus reflect the distortions created by the World War and the ensuing depression. By employing available data for the years 1865-80, when the United States was undergoing experiences not unlike those of the past two decades, an equally dark picture can be drawn of the future of the economic system as it then existed; but the country's subsequent prosperity around the turn of the century proves that if the "seeds of destruction" were then in the system, they gloriously failed to germinate. Another such failure is not inconceivable.

The true story of David Harum's country in David Harum's time

GONE ARE THE DAYS

By E. Alexander Powell

World traveler and author, Mr. Powell now turns to describing a way of life as foreign to the younger generation as life in Timbuktu. An Atlantic Book. $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

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Portrait Gallery

THINKING IT OVER. The Reminiscences of Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.50.

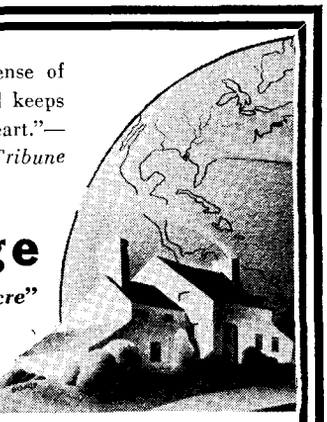
Reviewed by MARGARET BREUNING

TURNING from his successful biographies to write autobiographies, Hesketh Pearson has been felicitous in his choice of title. For "Thinking It Over" affords him a latitude in treatment, a freedom from chronological sequence and explicitness of record that may well be irksome to the professional biographer. At times latitude veers into expansiveness of negligible detail. One could well spare much of the early data such as the description of the Hampstead landlady, or the many inclusions of indifferent verse, or the analyses of some of the author's biographies. This is to carp, however, for the book presents unusual accounts of unusual people, often through verbatim conversations and always from first-hand knowledge.

As may be surmised, biography has always been one of Mr. Pearson's passions; Shakespeare is the other. The devotion to Shakespeare led to his acquaintance with Beerbohm Tree, who was then playing "Hamlet" and to his becoming an actor, himself. The early career of Mr. Pearson on the stage, even in walk-on parts, was a series of disastrous blunders including the dropping of a heavy shield on Tree's foot during a performance of "Macbeth." Tree's sufferings were so great that he did not have energy to avenge himself on the inept actor. Tree appears in these pages as so fantastic a person that he becomes entirely credible; no one could have thought him up. Many of his long, completely *non sequitur* monologues are here set down carefully. They afford incomparable examples of how the English language may be used to the bafflement of an English auditor.

In fact, the reminiscences of Tree form the most fascinating part of the book, and offer endless temptation to quotation. This does not invalidate the interest of the Shaw episodes, from which Shaw emerges, not shorn of his wit, but, also, imbued with an unexpected urbanity as a kindly counselor to Pearson, and as a chivalrous friend to Frank Harris, when Harris was in eclipse. A conversation between the paradoxical Shaw and the paradoxical Chesterton—verbatim—is a marvelous example of verbal prestidigitation. The author, who models his biographical technique upon a combination of Boswell and Lytton Strachey (*mirabile dictu*), did not hit it off at all in his first and only meeting with Strachey. Lunching together in a café, Pearson found that Strachey's "high-pitched, tinny voice" made the "frail, whiskered, piping god, impressive to look at but not tuneful to listen to." Conan Doyle, Galsworthy, Barrie are other vivid portraits in a varied gallery. Even the "Gloomy Dean," not a dean then or gloomy, was heckled by the author when a youth and aflame with his Shakespeare fever, into making some excellent dramatic criticism of Tree's production of "Antony and Cleopatra." With so much variety in his experiences, one does not wonder that Mr. Peason enjoys "thinking it over."

"The book has wisdom, maturity, a sense of values, a trust in elemental things, and keeps step with a great tradition of the heart."—John Haynes Holmes in *N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."*



By Gove Hambidge

author of "Time to Live" and "Enchanted Acre"

SIX ROOMS MAKE A WORLD

Husband, father, breadwinner, Gove Hambidge opens up new and truly inspiring paths of thought that touch upon every phase of family life—its human problems as well as its great rewards. With honesty and the wisdom of experience he presents a modern yet fundamental philosophy of the art of living that is centered in the home, including an "open-minded discussion of sex and marriage, touched with exquisite personal confessions of marital wisdom and happiness."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* A book every husband and wife (and younger people contemplating marriage) will find richly helpful; "sincere, direct, homely in the best sense, wise and beautiful."—*R. L. Duffus.* $2.50

Flatiron and Empire State—he built both

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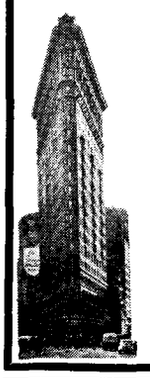
By PAUL STARRETT

Master Builder of the Skyscraper Age



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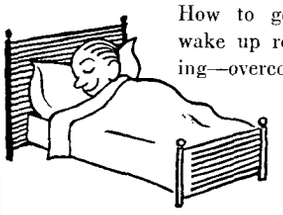
YOU CAN SLEEP WELL

By Edmund Jacobson, M. D.



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IN HAZARD

"Worthy to stand beside Conrad's *Typhoon* and in some important respects superior to it."—*Desmond McCarthy, Sunday Times.*

"The best book he has written. I enjoyed it so much that I kept exclaiming with pleasure as I read it."—*David Garnett, New Statesman.*

"An achievement that holds you dazzlingly in its spell."
—*Howard Spring, Evening Standard.*

Reserve a First Edition of "In Hazard." Place your order with your bookseller now. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS · N. Y.

A Body Rolled Down-Stairs

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Once a year came the "peregrination" in the old New England town, when the old houses were opened up to sightseers...and the Wainwright mansion yielded up a secret that spelled death for its owner.

- "Something new for the thriller fans."—United Press *Red Letter.*
- "Grand, exciting item on the literate side."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* "Books"
- "Extra well done."
—*Saturday Review*

$2. RANDOM HOUSE

The New Books

Fiction

HORNS FOR OUR ADORNMENT. By Aksel Sandemose. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

The horns are not what one might expect from the title, but the rutting-horns of the young stag, and the book is mostly about the sex life of young men. Specifically, the bucks who lock horns over a doe are Captain Claes Winckel, a repressed and intelligent gentleman, and one of his sailors, a young giant with an IQ so low he consists mostly of impulses. You can guess which one wins.

Both are exhibited against the background furnished by another sailor, the super-giant Gullhest, a kind of Nietzschean superman, well beyond good and evil. The supporting cast consists of a degenerate, unfrocked preacher, despised by everyone aboard the small tramp schooner; a mate just out of navigation school; a Lapland cook; a rat; and a blonde lay figure of a woman who just walks across the horizon as a focus for attention. The action takes place during a transatlantic voyage staged in June-September, 1914, for no apparent reason but to show that the war has comparatively little effect on the mind of rutting stags. It ends with the destruction of the Nietzschean Gullhest by forces to which he is a bystander.

So far, good; everything is worked out with considerable narrative skill and an adequate knowledge of psychology. Unfortunately, there are some soft spots. Up to the point where Helga enters the story, about half way along, it drags. There are incidents not convincing in fact, as when we are asked to believe that the preacher grew a full beard in two weeks, and others not valid in fiction, as when the mate is disposed of in an inexplicable accident because his place aboard the ship makes it impossible to have him around at the dénouement. The chapters are set apart by interpolated passages somewhat after the manner of Dos Passos's Camera Eye and Newsreels; but as both the field of action and the number of characters are sharply restricted, there seems far less reason for them here. Moreover most of them have only the vaguest relation to the central theme, some are mere fine writing, and a few utterly unintelligible.

There is an excellent chance that the book will get itself attacked in Boston, Dublin, and several other jurisdictions both for the central theme and the free use of four-letter words.

F. P.

MALICE OF MEN. By Warwick Deeping. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Mr. Deeping seems to be in the happy position of knowing exactly what his public likes and of liking the same thing himself. In his credo he says, "I believe in the great simplicities, in the human urges at the back of us. I believe in love, courage and compassion," — but he believes also in sentimentality, in meekness inheriting the earth, and in dwelling upon the suffering of men only in order to throw into brighter relief the rewards that invariably follow honest endeavor. "Malice of Men" illustrates both the acknowledged and the unacknowledged credo.

This last novel tells the story of John Lancaster, "a young man of humble origin" who is constantly and painfully conscious of his lack of standing in his

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A PUZZLE IN POISON *Anthony Berkeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	Arsenic disposes of retired English engineer. Welter of suspects all discarded by professionals but friend of deceased finds solution.	As neat a bit of bafflement as you'll meet in months with surprise ending that may leave reader gasping.	Excellent
THE CASE OF THE SHOPLIFTER'S SHOE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Chance meeting in California dept. store leads Perry Mason to double murder, which he solves with courtroom dramatics.	Ingenious clue-spotting, rather technical at times, gives vivid interest to swift story in spite of flat characterizations.	Good
MURDER BY BURIAL *Stanley Casson* (Harpers: $2.)	Cave-in "accidentally" smothers amateur archeologist. Expert excavator scents murder and scotches clever killers.	Soberly paced, highly analytical affair, with Fascist-plot furbelows and some British—but acceptable—humor.	Competent
APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Obese tyrannical matriarch poisoned in Petra. Need it she did, but H. Poirot, who can't condone murder, gets busy.	Starts well and progresses beautifully against rich background and interesting characters — but then the durned thing blows up in your face.	Disappointing

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE spoke of the Yorkshire ditty *On Ilkla' Moor.* We have never known whether the phrase *On Ilkla Moor bar t'at,* or *baht 'at* as it is sometimes rendered, means On Ilkley Moor *thou art at,* or *without a hat.* We wish we had known the song when we bicycled to Haworth in Yorkshire many years ago (to see the Brontë parsonage). Ilkley Moor is near Haworth, we might have asked. ☞Anyhow several correspondents have kindly sent us versions of the text. Mr. Charles W. Spencer, librarian of Colgate University, reports it thus:—

"We heard it in the summer of 1935 from Beth Barrell, associate editor of the sprightly *Yankee.* The cycle of introductory lines, each time sliding into the refrain, On Ilkla, etc., given three times, is as follows:—

Where hast tha' been since I saw thee?
On Ilkla', etc. (3)
Thou'st been a courtin' Mary Jane—
On Ilkla, etc.
That's how thou'lt catch thy deeth o' cold—
Then we shall have to bury thee—
Then all the worms will eat thee up—
Then d-o-ocks will come and gobble up worms—
Then we will c-o-om and eat up d-o-o-cks—
Thus we shall have eaten thee—
And that's how we get our owin's back.

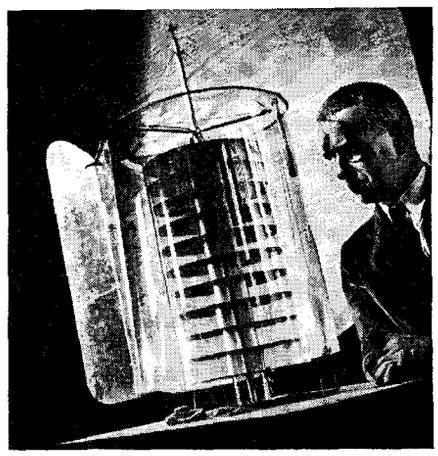
The music is simple, having campanological suggestions." ☞Dorothea Murray (Wethersfield, Conn.) sends the version printed in a passenger booklet of the Cunard-White Star Line, which emphasizes the Yorkshire dialect more strongly. ☞R. P. Harriss (Baltimore) says "the tune is great, and gets better with each succeeding mug of pale bitter." ☞Speaking of Yorkshire, we note that Sam Goldwyn's movie production of *Wuthering Heights* is due soon. One of Imaginary Conversations we enjoy conjecturing would be between Sam Goldwyn and Emily Brontë. ☞Several inquiries have been received, what did the title *Jar Ptitsa* mean at the head of Hugh Western's sonnet in the S. R. L. August 20. We innocently supposed, some rare kind of Oriental porcelain; but no, Mr. Western writes that *Jar* in Russian means *fire,* and *Ptitsa* means *bird.* Hence, *Phœnix.* ☞One of the most interesting of recent catalogues was Philip Duschnes's (507 Fifth Avenue) Number 30, listing the Mark Twain collection gathered by Dr. Alfred P. Lee of Philadelphia. Mr. Duschnes, who has exceptionally pleasing taste in catalogues, reprints for the first time the brief autobiography written by Mark for the *Aldine* in 1871; but as much as anything listed we enjoyed John Winterich's superlatively graceful introduction. Mr. Winterich speaks of the amusing abominations of print, paper and cuts shown by all Twain firsts. We quote:—

"A set of Mark Twain in first edition is the alpha and omega, with the digamma lugged in, of unfine printing. Someone may advance the claim of Herman Melville's opera omnia to this distinction, but I can give him no better than an unequivocal second place. Melville's publishers were at least sufficiently moved by esthetic considerations not to illustrate him. Mark Twain's publishers sought out 'eminent artists' (meaning, presumably, artists eminently suited to the budget) and peppered their productions all over his pages. The result must have given the Fifty Books Committee of the day a bad case of ague. But there are those of us still who would not read Mark Twain in any other format. Here are the books that, from our point of view, are perfectly printed, perfectly illustrated, perfectly apparelled. Here is America: Her Mark."

☞Among curious minor items gathered by the synoptic Dr. Lee was a volume by A. Arthur Reade (Philadelphia, 1883) called *Study and Stimulants: the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life.* To this Mark Twain contributed a long letter in praise of tobacco and liquor. ☞A stunt which would have pleased Mark Twain's ingenious spirit has been worked out for William Morrow & Co. by Beach Cooke. It is called *The Book Detektive* (the k, presumably, to frighten kleptomaniacs) "a one-volume police force." It is a clever (and infallible) method of keeping track of books lent. ☞Don Gordon, the American News Company's periscope, has spotted another lively book about a doctor's career, *The Healing Knife* by "George Sava." It is a book so candid that the author (an eminent London surgeon) cannot use his own name. "A good chance it will click, watch it," says Mr. Gordon. ☞We remarked that two simultaneous books this fall (by Helen Ashton and Frances Winwar) deal with Coleridge and the Wordsworths. Carlton F. Wells of the University of Michigan also notes the announcement of Sir Edmund Chambers' very learned biography of Coleridge promised by the Oxford Press ($7). ☞Personally we can take old Daddy Wordsworth or we can leave him alone; his writing was so much more agreeable than himself; but about the divine and tragic S.T.C. we can never hear too much.

☞An able and well-worked-out piece of Trade Promotion is Doubleday's new biographical booklet on Kenneth Roberts, which includes an introduction by Malcolm Johnson, articles by Ben Ames Williams and Clara Claasen, maps of historic motor routes through the country of the novels, and suggestions for ways in which Mr. Roberts' books can enliven the English and History classrooms in school. This seems to us the best job of intelligent publicity-promotion done by any publisher in a long while.

☞Readers of Tolstoy in English owe a great debt to Aylmer Maude who died late in August. He and his wife translated all Tolstoy's works for the Oxford Press, and the 21-volume Centenary Edition was completed only a few months before Maude's death.



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We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

The New Books

(*Continued from page 24*)

community. He suffers from a kind of inverse snobbishness and his intense hatred of the local aristocrat, Sir Beverly Bullstrode, is one of the motivating forces in a life that is a strange mixture of passionate subservience and sudden outbursts of violence. That he and Bullstrode love the same girl, that Bullstrode marries and abuses her, leaving to Lancaster the act of vengeance usually reserved for fate in such romances,—this gives the novel its plotful push. But much of the book is made up of long and minutely detailed description of the slow rise to financial success and public respect of this typical Deeping hero. "Malice of Men" follows closely in the paths of its predecessors and will not disappoint their admirers.

G. G.

Miscellaneous

RARE BIBLES: AN INTRODUCTION FOR COLLECTORS AND A DESCRIPTIVE CHECK-LIST. By Edwin A. R. Rumball-Petre. New York: Philip C. Duschnes. 1938. 500 *copies.* $3.

Mr. Rumball-Petre comes by his knowledge of the Bible worthily—he is a gentleman of the cloth, and his bibliographical stance is therefore, and most commendably, from the inside looking out. Among booksellers, as among collectors, librarians, and the general laity, the Bible, beyond half a dozen obvious exemplars, is indeed "the book nobody knows." The present manual is modest and serviceable and perhaps a little too compact—fearing to err on the side of over-elaboration, the compiler has veered toward the other extreme. Thus he has been able to list and identify 344 distinct printed Scriptural texts in fewer than 70 pages. His notes are helpful, and for those who wish to carry their interest further, there is a good check-list of books about the Bible.

J. T. W.

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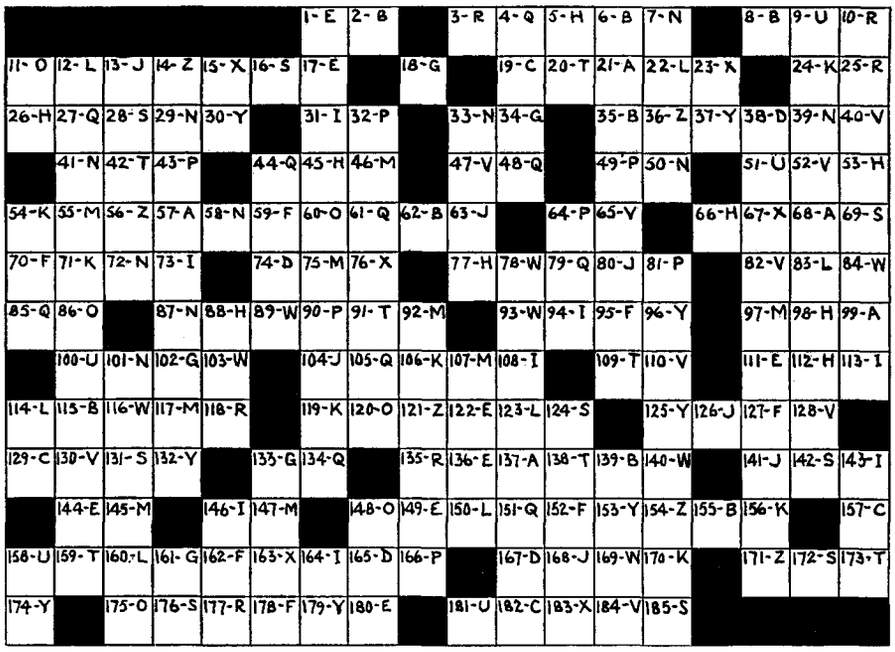
Double-Crostics: No. 233

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Crackbrained (slang).

B. Markedly irregular.

C. Singular demonstrative pronoun.

D. English General in Revolutionary War.

E. Physical motion.

F. Artlessness.

G. Scene of Alexander the Great's victory (333 B.C.).

H. Laid under a spell.

I. Rise by lightness.

J. Sportive, roguish.

K. Accomplish; bring about.

L. Legendary first King of Rome.

M. Tragedy by Schiller (2 words).

N. Composer of "Petrouchka."

O. Truly; to be sure.

P. Quiet, pastoral air.

Q. Composer of "Love for Three Oranges."

R. Slackened; unbound.

S. Admitting only a limited group.

T. Sound resembling a chuckle and a snort (colloq.).

U. Be necessary.

V. Home of Ruskin.

W. Large, strong animal (Bib.).

X. Gloomy, cloudy.

Y. Observation, view.

Z. Rough-skinned winter apple.

WORDS

68 21 137 57 99

6 35 62 2 155 8 115 139

19 129 182 157

74 38 167 165

144 180 122 136 111 149 1 17

59 127 152 95 162 178 70

18 34 161 102 133

5 26 66 88 112 98 77 45 53

113 108 164 31 143 94 146 73

141 13 104 63 168 80 126

106 24 170 71 54 119 156

12 83 160 114 22 123 150

92 75 46 107 97 55 117 147 145

29 41 101 58 72 33 39 87 7 50

120 86 148 175 11 60

49 90 166 43 64 32 81

4 105 79 44 134 27 61 85 48 151

135 177 25 3 118 10

28 176 69 16 172 185 142 131 124

173 42 109 20 138 91 159

9 51 181 158 100

184 110 130 52 128 82 47 65 40

116 140 78 103 84 89 169 93

163 67 76 15 183 23

96 37 132 30 179 153 174 125

121 154 171 56 36 14

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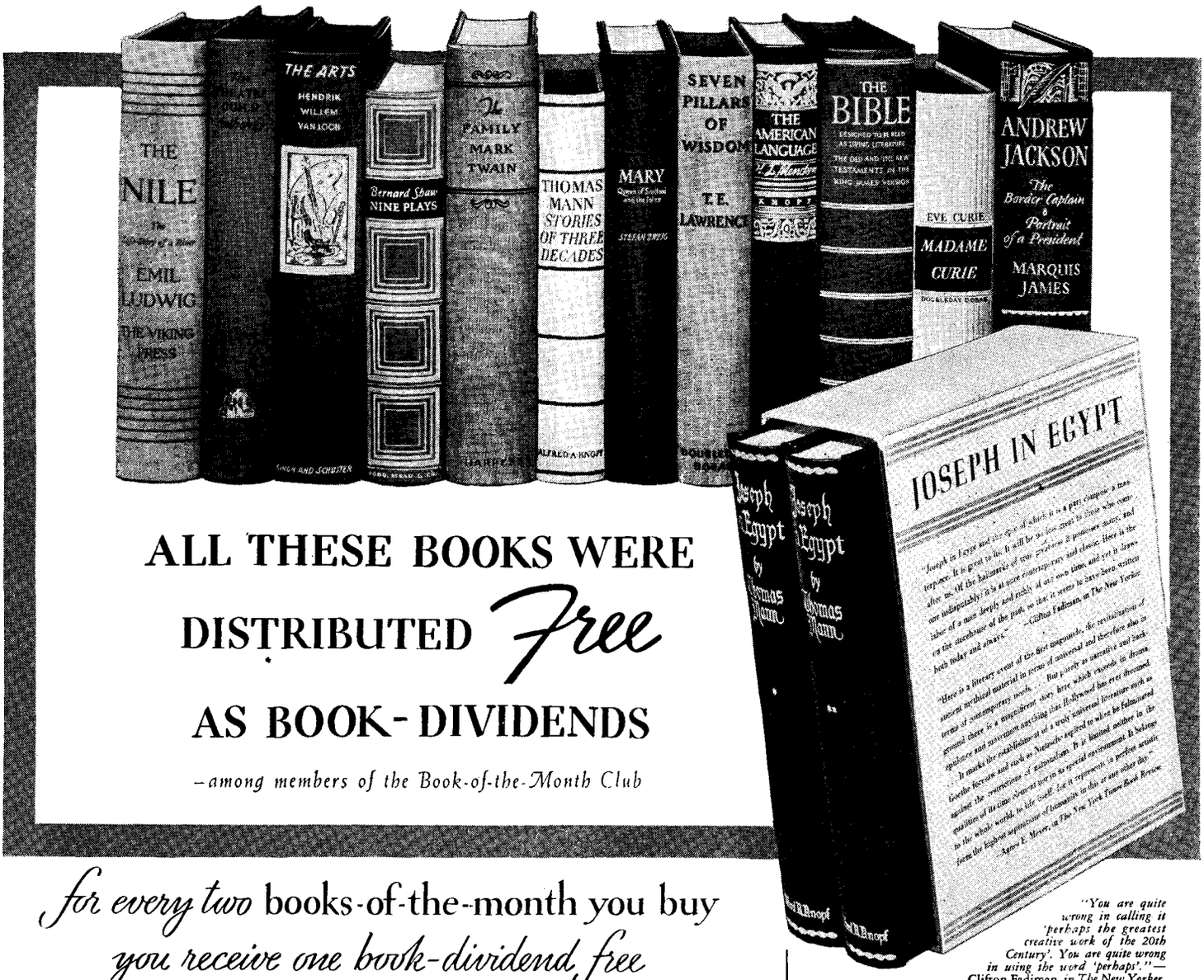

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